

KEEN 1

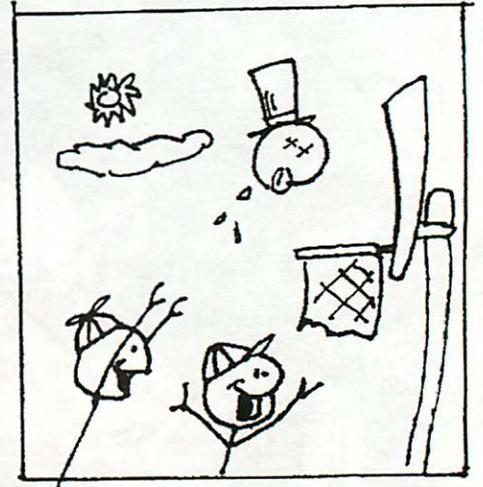
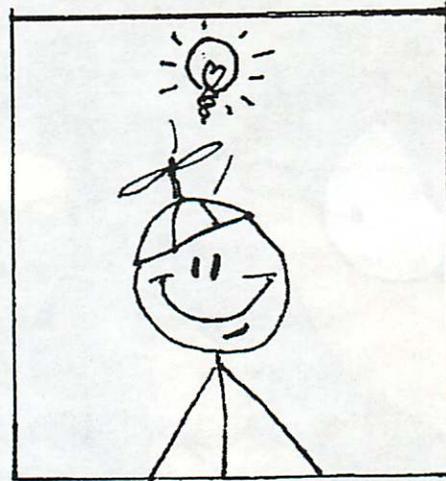
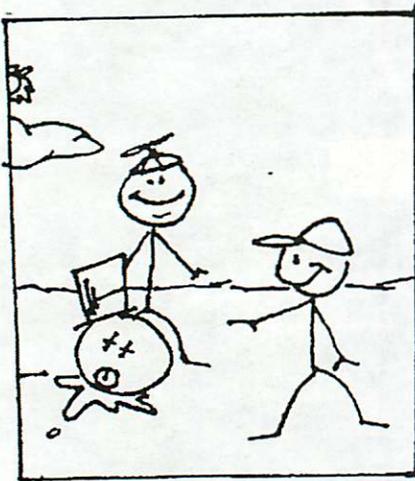
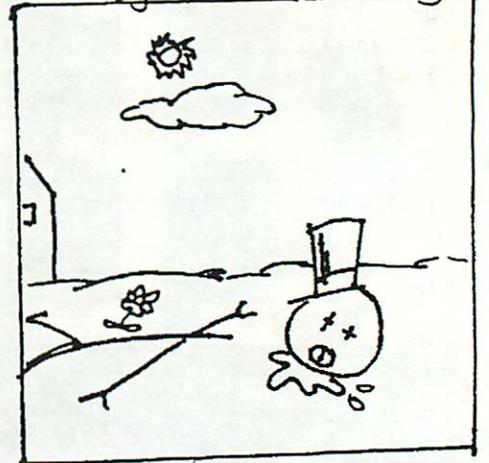
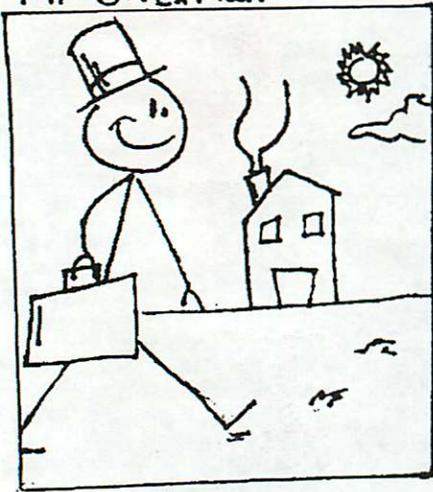
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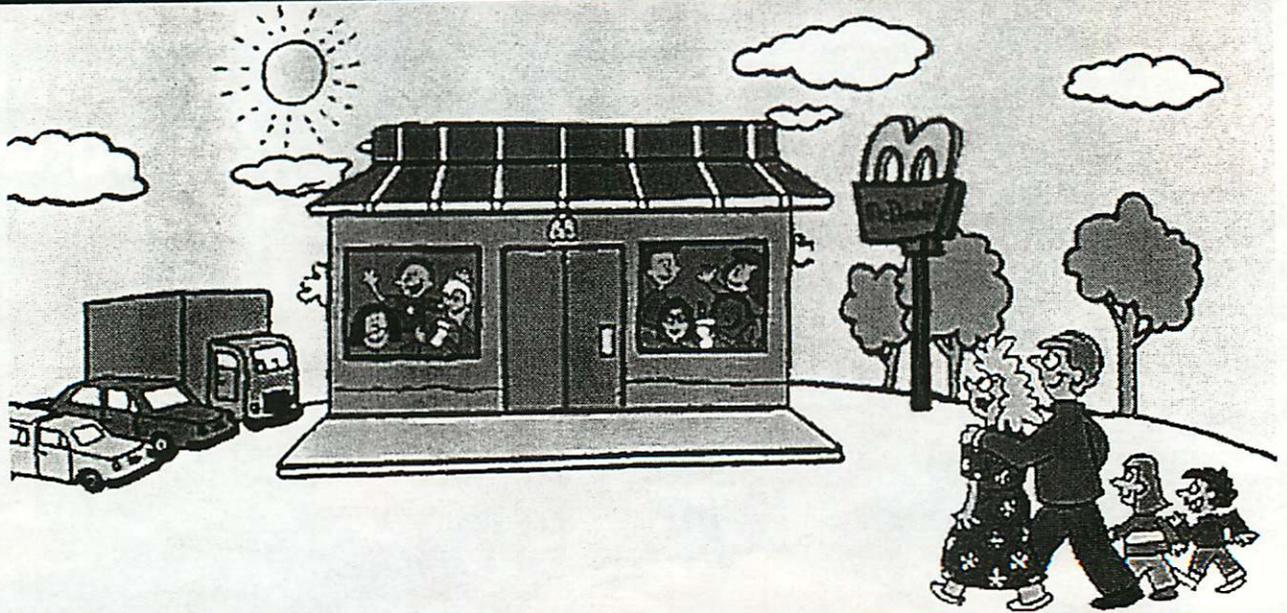
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Mr. Stickman

by Steve Carey



EAT AT JOE'S RESTAURANT



EAT AT JOE'S RESTAURANT

Cover Art: Steve Coloring: Roddy

KEEN

May 1996 Issue 1: The Jungle

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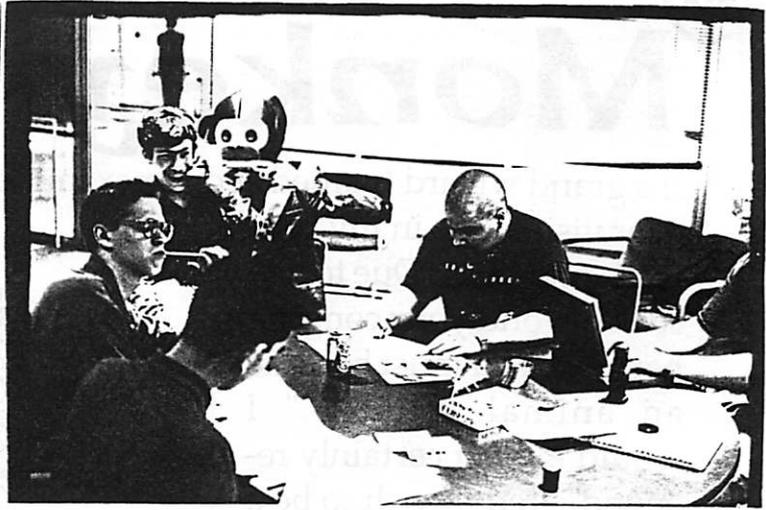
- Chris Yates - Bushwacker Beastmaster
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- Bianca Ferro - Estrogen Generator
- and
- Mr. Bradford & The Monkey

BEHIND THE SKEENS

Hello and goodbye to the first issue of Keen Übermagazin, magazine of the stars. As may not or may not already know, the epic journey of Keen from an electrical impulse in our neural net to this masterpiece of journalistic and artistic splendor was long, arduous, and even arduous. In the beginning, we didn't envision this magazine's focus to be humor, actually, we thought about dedicating ourselves to propigating Communism. Several titles were considered and promptly eaten. "U.S. News and World Report" was one suggestion, which led us to "U.S. News and U.S. Report", "News News and News Report", "News News News News?" and "Clive the Magic Astronaut". After being clobbered on the head by a large monkey, we finally hit upon "The Month in Experimental Avant-Garde Composition" which we shortened to the acronym "KEEN". At our first of two thousand organizational meetings, we came up with a list of articles, half of which our faculty advisor rejected on the basis of being too offensive. So you won't be seeing "Women: The Inferior Race", "Skinheads in San Francisco", or "Artichokes: The Inferior Vegetable" anytime soon. A brawl between Steve and Ben broke out promptly after Ben suggested that the "Tevjina: The Icelandic Cow" comic strip wasn't up to par with his own "Yezi: The Norwegian Fruitfly" piece. They later died. Of course, not all was dissonance and destruction. Roddy's operation to integrate a PowerPC computer into his left shoulder was a consummate success. Hooray! When it came time to copy the actual issues, we ran into a financial barrier, and fell.



With Xstvr,
Chris & Steve & Varnü



Monkey Prowess

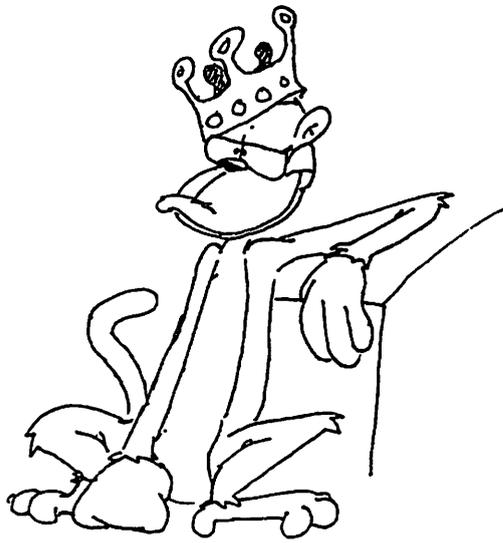
If a grand wizard (named Ted, for example) ever visited me in my bedroom and said, "Due to reasons beyond your comprehension, you must become an animal. Choose," I would almost certainly respond, "Ted, I wish to be a monkey!"

I have many logical reasons for this choice. First, I would love to run through the jungle, swinging from tree to tree. The second reason is my love for trigonometry (a funny thing to say in trigonometry class might be, "Hey, teacher, this isn't trigonometry, it's FRIGInomitry!"). Lastly, I think I would also get all the female monkeys. I once knew a girl who resembled a monkey. Her name was Amy. Ha, ha, just kidding Amy. (Not really, she did look like a monkey.)

But because this abrupt change in life style would be such an inconvenience, I would tell Ted that I would need certain provisions for the species switcheroo. To start with, I would need super powers. Su-

per powers would come in handy in situations such as the following:

A tyrannical king monkey comes around and is mean to my friends, who are lower class monkeys. I could jump in and spit at him. The spit would turn into fire and set his fur ablaze. He would run away screaming and I would laugh and become 'Zantar, King of the Monkeys.' This is just one of the

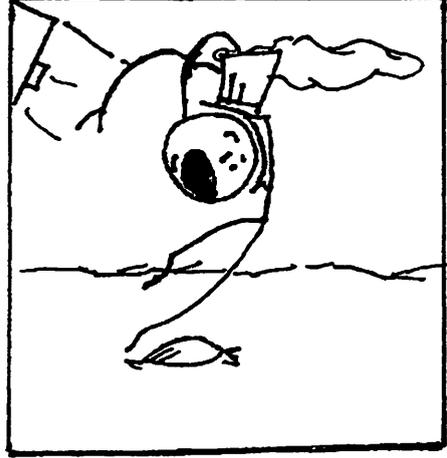


dozens of mind-boggling examples of uses for super powers.

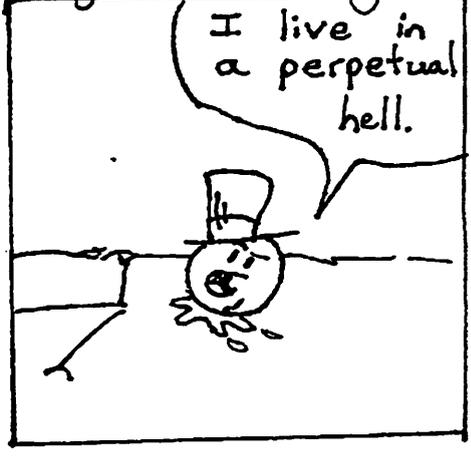
I would also need a package of beef jerky that looks like chewing tobacco. Then, I could put some in my mouth and pretend that it was chewing tobacco. Then, once the foolish monkeys were in awe, I would smugly reveal the earth shattering truth, "It's really just beef jerky!" I would laugh at them because they are primitive and gullible.

That is why I would like to be a monkey. This is also an excellent example of a persuasive essay.

Mr. Stickman



by Steve Carey

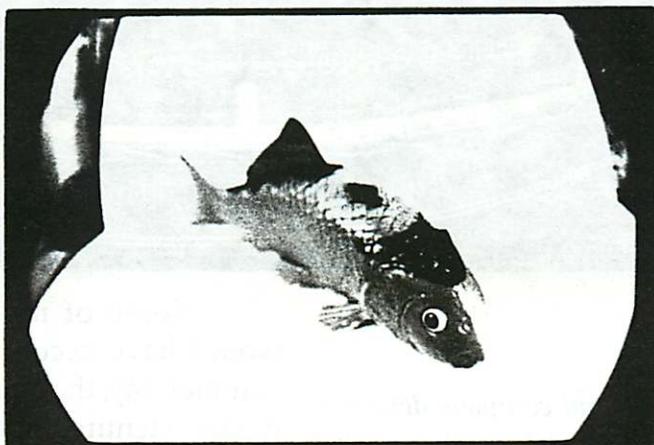


Steve

SHORTIES

I want to build a talking building. It will look just like a regular building, but it will be like one of those talking cars...only, instead of saying, "The door is ajar", or "Your gas is low", the building will say things like, "Welcome to the building" or "Hello." You could even ask it questions like, "What floor am I on?", and my brilliant building will invariably reply, "The third floor."

There was a very skinny man on the subway today. He looked at me a lot. His skinniness took me by surprise. He was skinny.



What is the big deal with Beverly Cleary books? I mean, sure, Ramona was good, but Bev, baby, what have you done for me lately?

I once knew this kid. He sure was a spazz!

Do you ever wonder how they eat sandwiches on the moon? If you opened your helmet to get the sandwich to your mouth, you'd die. If you don't eat your sandwich, you'll eventually die. It's a Catch-22!

I have a horrible fear of being mis-

quoted. I'm thinking of writing a book of things that I haven't said, so people will know what not to write.

I have this stuffed alligator I made in Home Economics in 7th grade. When I sewed him up, I put a penny in with his stuffing. If someone decided to demanufacture my alligator, they would discover this penny. I would call that event a "Penny Surprise".

Here's a mind-bender: Draw the number seven on a piece of paper and stare at it for 30 seconds. Then try to draw the number five.

Boy, was that kid a spazz or what?

Pizza is kinda like sex. I am lying. Pizza is not like sex.

If someone called me dumb, I would say, 'At least I didn't invent the Titanic. Now that guy was dumb.'

I think a really funny practical joke to play on someone is to lean a few large iron filing cabinets against someone's door. This way, when he or she opens the door, the filing cabinets will crush them!

THE K-MART STORY



✎:Matt

[Author's Note]

The true and complete details -- oh, those painful details! -- of the case that I am now putting before you were related to me only recently through parcel by Miss Penelope Windsor-Smith (164th in line for the throne), who moved to Paris, Idaho (just outside of Athens) after the occurences of the aforementioned case. "Oh, Chester," she assured me, in her characteristically sweet hand, "it was not you who were at fault; rather, it was the employees who were at fault, it was you who were too good for them!" What followed was a comprehensive -- but not unsympathetic -- account of SuperK's conspiracy to kill me (or, as they apparently put it, "to reshelve" me). If my story is clear and direct in all its horror, the credit is due to Penelope, to her unwavering forthrightness; yet if my story is in the least befuddling, it is my fault, for I could not handle the realization of what I had lived through.

--C.

Some of my colleagues assumed that I would have become disgruntled when one fine summer day, the college I had served for years denied me tenure, indeed denied me a place of nurture, of the most basic human ground. Yet I was not in the least disturbed, not in the least irate -- to hell with what those stupid little pencilheads thought of me! I was finally freed from the chains of the stagnant and murky waters of my prison; so, having always been fond of the SuperK just down the street, of it's vast array of everything and nothing, I thought it only natural to move in there.

I made my way to the camping section (aisle 32) where I found a nice two-person tent, oddly colored, that I studiously assembled at the side of the aisle. Borrowing a pillow and a few hearty blankets from the bedding section, I indulged myself in what I considered to be a well-deserved nap, dreaming of a full life to come -- endless aisles of joy, hope, enlightenment, peace, pure satisfaction, gosh darnit! -- until a family of four, on an afternoon outing, absentmindedly stumbled upon my tent, which promptly collapsed, rousing me from my slumber to find myself trapped in a pink-and-blue polka-dotted dying elephant, gasping for its last breaths of life; or a hippo on drugs.

"Cool, Dad!" a kid said, "this place really is different than plain regular Kmart!"

"Ah, my son," said a loud and burly voice, chortling, "you haven't seen a thing yet; just wait until they start giving away free donuts."

"That's just what you need, Carl," said a charmingly admonishing female voice, followed by four indiscrete chipper laughs; I writhed in pain.

Yet although at that time my sides were already aching heartily enough from being trampled on by a quartet of comedians (one of whom was no stranger to donuts, it was revealed to more in more media than one), I could not help but succumb, inevitably, to laughter. For I knew that I had it good, and gosh darnit, I was thankful for it.

Having taught classics at the College, I began to search for a new form to present my knowledge through; my lecture series on Ancient Greek philosophers, therefore, was conducted in the produce section, where I discovered that I could concurrently get fresh and sumptuous fruits and vegetables thrown to me by very generous patrons. And all this while doing what I loved best! I was the center of attention, to be sure, yet I did not lose sight of the common people: yes, the people who gave meaning to what was otherwise abject suburbia. The produce section: yes, surrounded by death sustaining life, by little children -- ah, so innocent! -- running around aimlessly, yet simply. Eating donuts that I had "borrowed" from the bakery, I would muse about the classics and contemplate my own golden age that I was actively living: ah, the glory that was grease, the grandeur that was home!

On the fourth day of my new residency, just when I assumed that it couldn't get any better -- ah, yes: arising at a leisurly hour, just in time to smell the fresh new batch of bread that the bakery would be producing, just in time to see Penelope Windsor-Smith (perfect eyes, oh, how they were so perfect; Penelope, oh Penelope, my dearest from Idaho) arrive to begin her reign over the checkout counter (#27) -- I discovered that free donuts were given out every week. Oh, my raspberry jelly donuts, how I loved them -- how they filled me so with passion,

with a divine spirit empowering my lectures. Oh, how I threw myself into those donuts that day -- how I rolled in them, how I slobbered on them! Oh, Thursdays -- how I loved them so!

It was after that day, I realize now only with the retrospect that my dear Penelope conferred upon me by parcel from Paris, Idaho, that all SuperK employees, with the exception of Penelope, referred to me exclusively as "he" and "him."

Believe me -- oh, believe me so! -- it was not at all difficult to have not noticed that their wrath was directed at me; indeed, utterances such as "How pathetic he is!" and "Just look at him -- a wasted life," invariably accompanied by a sigh of frustration, could easily have been interpreted to have been directed at the homeless man who, residing a few streets down, dared to make periodic forays in front of the store, which, if not frightening the children, certainly aroused their attention; or at Jiro, the janitor from New Haven, who, it was painfully obvious, on more than one occasion took a grape off of a grape vine in the produce department, which he spitefully (yes, I did see an evil smile form on his face, exposing his front teeth which glistened the white of death) put in his mouth and swallowed. Indeed, the infamies of Jiro, who frequently would only with that evil smile mop the floor of my aisle when I commanded him to, went uncontested, even after my countless complaints to management.



That I was able to cope with this monster was entirely due to Mr. SuperK, a cuddly stuffed creature, whom I discovered one fine afternoon while strolling through the toy section, after I finished watching the game shows on the television sets (on 12 sets simultaneously tuned to the same channel!) in the electronics section. I

would take Mr. SuperK with me wherever I would go, his saucer ears flapping contentedly in the wind, whether in the bakery section or in the kitchen appliances section. (I found that the kitchen appliances section was nice to meditate in, by the way.) Whenever I would pass children in the aisles, they would always ask about my Mr. SuperK: how old

he was, what he liked to eat, what his favorite movie was. Talking like this, the parents gleaming, I would often shake Mr. SuperK, so that he had the appearance of walking, which delighted more than a few children. Yet once -- and I'll never forget nor begin to understand this -- after shaking Mr. SuperK in the aforementioned manner, and even after supplying a voice to him, which was in the form of a popular children's tune of the day, my little spectator burst into tears, running to the embracing arms of her parents. This incident, though, was the exception; not the rule.

One fine morning -- very early in the morning, I have decided to emphasize -- I was awakened by the maledictions of Jiro, who with his mop was bludgeoning to pieces my tent, in which I, until that horrible moment, had been deservingly sleeping. It took a while for me to infer what was going on, and as can be imagined by the most reasonable of persons; I figured, finally, that his disposition toward me was one founded upon jealousy, and, I must admit, a tear of pride managed to emerge from my eyes, even while under such threatening conditions, fearing for the home that I had worked so hard to establish. Although I managed to escape from the tent in one piece, it was with a broken heart that I watched Jiro run after me with his evil mop and his evil expression, an expression that seemed to be collapsing in on itself.

It was only revealed to me later, by parcel from Penelope, that the management had maliciously informed Jiro of my suggestion to them that they poison all of the grapes in the produce section so that the next time he would steal one, he would get what would be a just punishment. Indeed, even after I myself offered to do the poisoning was my request heartlessly declined by management, which took some masochistic delight in the way that Jiro was treating its store -- indeed, how he was ruining it, nourishing a general air of tension, scaring off all of the customers with his

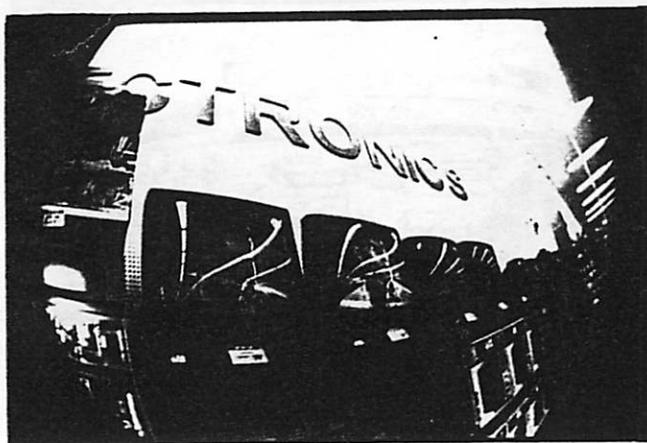
haunting eccentricity. What gall that man had! He would steal grapes and would only grudgingly clean up when I asked him to. There were men at New Haven, I would wager, who had hated his guts.

I am convinced, now, that Jiro, in his outrage, was operating on this very information that the management had betrayed to him.

I was determined to render justice to an unjust heathen; it was with pleasure, therefore, that I glazed the floor of the kitchen appliances aisle with oil, and (giving him a taste of his own medicine) "forgot" to put a "Caution! Wet!" sign in the aisle. I then put in the center of the aisle a single grape (which I borrowed from the store in good faith) in order to lure the animal to the trap. I hid myself behind the toasters, and waited, waited.

It was not until the bleakest hours of the night, when the store was at its most empty and most defenseless, that I heard a yelp -- yes, a yelp it was: the yelp of a wild beast! Emerging from behind the toasters, I looked down to see that Jiro was spread on the floor, his head gushing with blood; clenched between his teeth was the grape. And even then, gasping for his very life, I thought -- and to this day I still think -- I saw his mouth chewing, chewing to no avail.

Gasping for his very life, I thought...and to this day I still think...I saw his mouth chewing, chewing to no avail.



The next morning, on my regular stroll around the store, I overheard the manager talking on the telephone; "We gotta get rid of him," he said with a contempt and an urgency. When I heard this I was happy: the monster would fall. Indeed, if it was not pure ecstasy that invaded my consciousness, it was only because of the implication that Jiro must not have already died the night before, that it would not be by

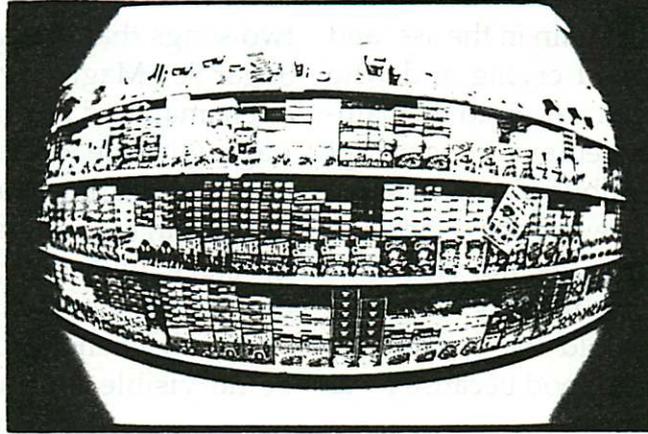
my hand that his ultimate punishment would be rendered.

It was also on this telling walk that, while snacking on a few tomatoes, I saw Jiro walking with a pronounced limp. I made an effort to treat him as I usually did, not to impart the secret of his impending doom, which so encaptured my consciousness. I made sure to sneer at him as I always did --

no better or no worse than usual -- and to knock things off of the shelves of aisles that he had just cleaned, as I always did. He could not have suspected that anything was wrong.

I passed the next hour or so over by the magazine and newspaper section, where I read about the depraved situations outside. That made me even more happy: what did I need them for! Making sure that I scattered a mess of newspaper around the premises for Jiro to "discover," I made my way toward the produce section, where I was soon to give my lecture to my awaiting supporters. When I got there -- oh, the initial joy of it! -- there was a huge platter of jelly donuts, "just for me," as the manager emphasized. When I arrived in the produce section, a huge band began to play "Hail to the Chief," which elicited good-natured cheers from the gauntlet of spectators who were watching with obvious admiration: how their eyes were riveted to my mouth, to all of those donuts! It gave me a distinct pleasure to see Jiro -- who would be assassinated imminently, I knew -- pull a royal, goose-down burgundy chair out for me. I saw the morbid countenances of all of the employees -- how they regarded Jiro. I saw it and loved it!

There must have been two-dozen donuts in the silver platter in front of me, in whose reflection I saw the eyes -- yes, scores of eyes peering up at me. As I took a donut, the crowd fell silent; from the crown I could here a gasp, which I only later learned, by parcel, was Penelope's. As I brought the donut to my mouth, I was shocked to see what it really was, I was appalled to realize what they gave me: it was not a raspberry jelly donut; it was a blueberry jelly-filled donut! I couldn't eat that! As I brusquely threw it down on the platter, I heard a sigh of relief from who I would later learn was Penelope, I saw the store manager begin to run away, no doubt out of shame. I felt bad: "It's okay," I said, directing it to the manager, who had tried so hard to reward me. He stopped, confused. I took another donut off of the platter. The same silence, the same sigh, the same kind: blueberry! They were



all blueberry, a flavor the very odor of which to this day has never failed to sicken me. "I can't eat this; it'd kill me!" I said to the good-intentioned employees. "Yet I appreciate your kind-hearted efforts." I gestured to the spectators to help themselves to the donuts that were of no use to me. My generosity, however, was greeted with silence: the employees averted their eyes from mine, mothers held back their children. It was as if I had sneezed on all of the donuts.

Awkwardly, I arose, bowed to the spectators -- for I genuinely regretted that I could not appreciate their generosity -- and (again, awkwardly) began my lecture. Everyone was silent, however; and there was no fresh fruit and veggies for me today.

What dared to break the silence in the crowd were the penetrating but muffled sobs of Penelope. How beautiful those sobs still sound to me when I recall them each day!

When my lecture was finished, the audience broke out in tears and in applause; I will suggest, being careful not to deviate from my characteristic modesty, that my lecture was not entirely unworthy of such recognition: indeed, that morning I delved into the contortions of ancient Greek philosophers and the bathrobes that clothed them. Still, though, I was a bit bemused: usually, if my lectures generated any response at all, it was only the tears.

As I departed from the produce section, I could feel the heavy glances of my supporters; and could hear the soothing tenor of Penelope's reassuring voice. "Let's take a walk," she suggested; I complied, not without enthusiasm.

"Ah, charming," I improvised, my voice quivering; "and where would you like to walk in this great store?"

"Just take me anywhere: I love to walk -- especially when I don't know where I'm going. Ah, Chester -- take me anywhere, take me anywhere, I say!"

I took her to the kitchen appliances section. "At my previous residence," I told her, "I would always dream about living around all of

continued on page 22

PHEROZE'S CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

My childhood was spent in two places: London and Saudi Arabia. I was born in London (yes....so I am a Brit), but I don't remember much about London. The first three years of my life are a big fat old blur. No one really remembers their very early childhood.....my mom remembers mine, though. I was, in her words, a "pain in the ass" and a "bastard who never stopped crying and who would follow her everywhere.....even to the bathroom". According to her, I hated everyone except for her. When we went to a public place, such as a supermarket, I would cry at everyone's face and yell at them until my mother came into view. Evidently, she couldn't put me in a nursery school because, as soon as she left, I would cry for six hours straight. I had to be fed special food because I was allergic to so many damn things (The only milk I could drink safely was goat's milk). The only thing that I myself truly remember about jolly ol' England was our dog, Patch. It was a white mongrel with black patches, and it hated me. The reason for Patch's contempt of baby Pheroze was because I had a fetish for biting him. I don't know why I did it; I guess I just enjoyed the taste of his hair (I would actually bite off patches of hair, hence the name). Well, in any case, at the age of 3 (or was it 4?) my family moved to Riyadh, Saudi Arabia and lovingly decided to take me along with them.

I spent the rest of my childhood in Saudi Arabia, until I came to the 'Institution formerly known as Choate & Rosemary Hall'. I have many, many, many tales from this era; but, space (the lack of) forces me to relay only three. The first comes from when I was about 4 or 5. I would often try and fool my mother into thinking I was dead (don't bother asking why....I was raised on goat's milk, remember?). I was damn good at it, too. My method was as follows: Step 1: I would go in front of where my mother was reading and lie down. Step 2: I would lie still with my eyes closed. Step 3: I would hit at my mothers leg. Step 4: I would yell out "Mom, I'm dead!" repeatedly until acknowledged

with a "Good.....die". Once acknowledged, I was officially dead (I'm a walking corpse, I guess).

The other two tales about to be revealed happened in about 6th or 7th grade. This is when I was discovering music.....I wanted to be a rockstar. (yes, I did the whole 'stand in front of the mirror making faces using the tennis racket as a guitar thing') Well, back in these rockstar days there were two songs that really hit me. The first was 'Blood Sugar Sex Magik' by the Red Hot Chili Peppers. I often imagined performing this song on the school stage, with the whole school sitting on the sloping bleachers, gazing in awe at the amazingly 'talented' kid on stage. I imagined the drums in the center of the stage, with the guitars on the left and right (I didn't even know what a bass was). The song would start and, when the low voice came on, there would be no visible vocalist (me) on stage. The lights would be dim. When the song got to the faster part, though, the lights would flash on and I would run out from the side of the stage, flailing my arms, yelling "Blood, sugar, baby....she's magic.....sex magic.....sex magic!". Then, when the song got slower again, I would run off the stage via the opposite side that that which I entered from, and start singing from offstage again. When the song got faster again, I would run out doing a strange dance and singing again. I would repeat this pattern throughout the song.



The other song which I really fantasized much about performing live was 'Sweet Child 'O Mine' by Guns 'n Roses. The stage would be set up the same way, except I would be singing onstage the whole time. The audience would, once again, be spellbound by the performance, cheering for me the whole time. The only difference in this song was that it was dedicated to one very special person. During the song I would imagine myself seeking out in the audience this one girl I really liked, and singing while looking at her the whole time. Then, at the part before the solo, I would grab onto a rope and pulley using it to vault myself from the stage to the area of the bleachers where she sat. This is

Senile Movie Reviews

by Col. Whitman P. Rice, Ret.

Hello, and welcome to hygterdg ccgfhff...oh, damn this infernal doohickey...the darn Movie Reviews. I've retired from a successful military career to join the staff of Spleen Magazine, so consider yourself entertained. In fact I was just over there in Japan, fightin' the French. Oh, wait, maybe it was the British. All right, it was one of those damn countries. I'm pretty sure it was in Europe. I remember something about capturing the enemy's scrumptious pastries. Oh, well, let's start this shindig.

The Birdcage-This movie is a lovable farce with one of those comedians, uhhh, what was his name? Ah, yes, Shaft, John Shaft. Mr. Shaft (I always enjoy his work) plays a single guy living above a nightclub with his roommate, played by a young upstart named Mussolini. There was no war in this movie, only a lot of sissy talk, but sissy talk can be fun, especially if you're disoriented, sweaty, and can't remember where you are. Most delightful, however, was Broadway superstar Marlo Thomas stealing the spotlight in her greatest role ever as the title character. Chain-link metal has never been so steamy!

Executive Decision-I myself made an "executive decision"-to get some shuteye! Fell asleep in the theater. Woke up covered in Goobers. Had heart palpitations. Lamented loss of continence.

Fargo-I far-went...to my local theater to see "Fargo." I had some trouble finding the theater, I ended up at this strange place called "SteamHeat: The Exotic Adult Nightclub." After meeting a friendly woman named Shaquita, I was directed to my local movie house. The movie was a friendly affair. What I liked most about it was the fact that it had a lot of gunshots in it to keep you awake. I ordered a large popcorn to get me through the film, but it must have been that crazy new shape-shifting popcorn, because it later turned into my old, dead dog Ralphie, and then into my ex-wife. (Damn her rancid soul!) I didn't really pay much attention to the movie because of these unexpected visitors. Ralphie told me how to fix a carburator, and my ex-wife sang my

favorite Enya hits. It was such a good time that, well, let's just say my colostomy bag was sloshin' up a storm by the end of the evening! Two thumbs all the way up.

Babe-Talking pigs, dogs, horses. People called this movie original and ground-breaking. Hey there, buster, I see talking pigs, dogs and horses every time I close my eyes, it's nothing new to me. Usually, they're singing Buddhist hymns and pledging their allegiance to the Dark Overlord (of "Howard The Duck" fame,) but, hey, whatever floats your boat. The only thing is, you know, how do you get them to shut up? I mean, they're always talking in my head. The pigs. The horses. Oh, the horses. It's like "The Collected Episodes of Mr. Ed" playing over and over again. HELP ME!!! PLEASE!!!! I DON'T WANT IT!!! STOP!!! I HAVE NO INTEREST IN THE NEW LINE OF FINE AVON PRODUCTS!!! Ohhhh...it stopped...time to take my pills.

Platoon-Not enough war.

Howard the Duck-Now that's a movie. Here's a film that's more fun than driving two blocks away from your house and then trying to find your way back! That wacky duck! Earth didn't know what hit it after Howie came to town, defeating the long-tongued Dark Overlord, and winning the heart of a beautiful eighties rocker woman. I actually met Howard himself (oh, joy of joys!) He climbed in the bathroom window once while I was in the midst of a vigorous tooth-whitening session. "Hello, my wonderful duck friend," I sang out as he entered. Howie, dapper duck that he is, swiped some of my prized Vaseline Intensive Care and ran.

 Ben

PHEROZE CONT'D

during the solo, and then just before the words came back on, I would dismount from the pulley and, roses and mic in hand, make my way across the bleacher row to where she sat. I would hand her the roses and take her hand and start singing again "Whoa-o-o-o-sweet child 'o mine. Whoa-o-o-o-sweet love of mine!". Then we would both get back on the pulley and slide down to the stage with the spotlight blaring on us. I would then wrap up the song with the audience cheering loudly.

Cheesy, eh? Ah well, childhood.....it ain't over yet.

Press Conference, Pap Finn for President

Reporter1: Mr. Pap, there is evidence that you beat your son Huck. Is this true?

Pap: Yep.

Reporter2: Mr. Pap, why do you feel you are qualified to be the President of the United States of America?

Pap: Because I beat my son.

Reporter3: Mr. Pap, what would be the first thing you would do as President?

Pap: Legalize son-beating.

Reporter4: If you could only take one thing with you to a deserted island, what would you bring and why?

Pap: My son, so I could beat him all day.

Reporter5: What do you think is the American Dream, Mr. Pap?

Pap: Beating sons.

Reporter6: How would you solve the problems facing our domestic economy as President, Mr. Pap?

Pap: By beating my son.

Reporter7: How would you make America a kinder, more gentler nation, Mr. Pap?

Pap: By beating my son.

Reporter8: What do you do in your spare time, Mr. Pap?

Pap: I play football with my son.

Reporter9: Ah, how sweet! Who wins?

Pap: I do, because if I don't win, I beat him.

Reporter10: Why do you always beat your son?

Pap: Because it's fun.

Reporter11: If you were offered all of the whiskey in the world in exchange for promising not to beat your son, would you accept the whiskey?

Pap: No, because I like beating my son.

Press Sec: Okay, thank you members of the media; that will be all for today.

Reporter12: So soon? What are you going to do now, Mr. Pap?

Pap: I'm gonna take my son to DisneyWorld.

➔ : Matt

Komposer's Korner



Steve & Matt

Ludwig van Beethoven has just completed his famous "Ninth Symphony". To celebrate, he travels to the far corners of the universe.

At a football game:

Fan 1: Excuse me sir, could you please take off your wig? My son cannot see.

Beethoven: Nah-nah-nah naaaaaaaah.

On the Death Star:

Darth Vader: A sister...so you have a sister. Ohbi Wan was wise to hide her from me. If you will not turn to the Dark Side, maybe she will!

Beethoven: Nah-nah-nah-noooooooooo! (Light sabers clash. Sparks fly.)

At a post office:

Postal Worker: Mr. Beethoven, would you like a stamp?

Beethoven: Nah-nah-nah-yes. A Patsy Kline commemorative stamp, please.

At Helen Keller's House:

Helen: Huh?

Beethoven: What?

Helen: I can't hear you!

Beethoven: Aaaaargh!

On Mars:

Martian: Zarp bleemp swargo desh?

Beethoven: Nah-nah-nah naaaaaaaah.

THE ALL-NEW LEGION OF SUPER HEROES

pieces do not talk)

Name: Wendal Wilkie
Powers: Was the Republican candidate for President in the Election of 1940.
Catch phrase: I am a failure. Damn you Roosevelt. DAMN YOU!

Name: Red Man
Powers: Is green.
Catch phrase: My life is a masquerade!

Name: The Wallflower
Powers: She becomes shy and

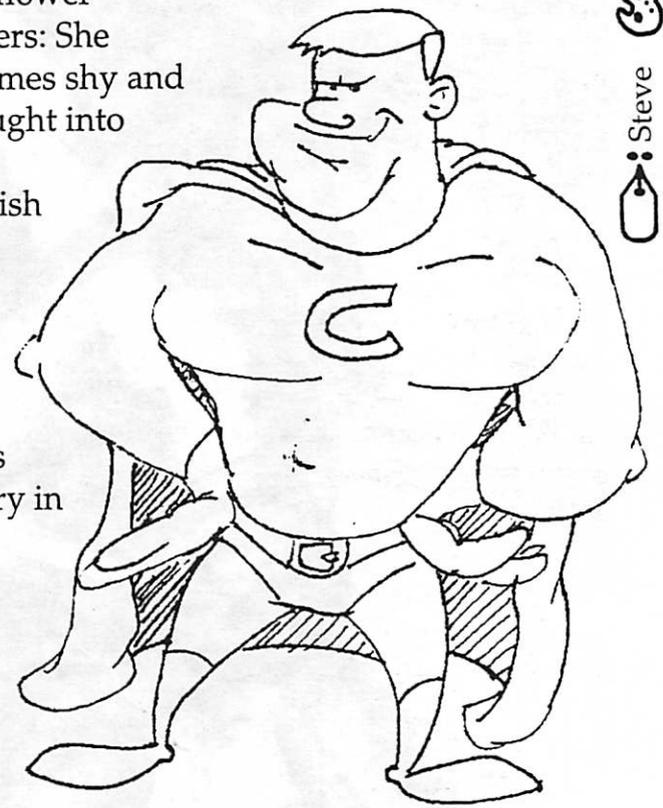
boring when brought into public.
Catch phrase: I wish to go home, now.

Name: Mr. Riley
Powers: Is a fifth grade science teacher at Charles Dewey Elementary in Milltown, New York.
Catch phrase: Science is fun.

Name: Yellow Man
Powers: Is yellow.
Catch phrase: Stop or I will yellow y- . . . nevermind, my power sucks.

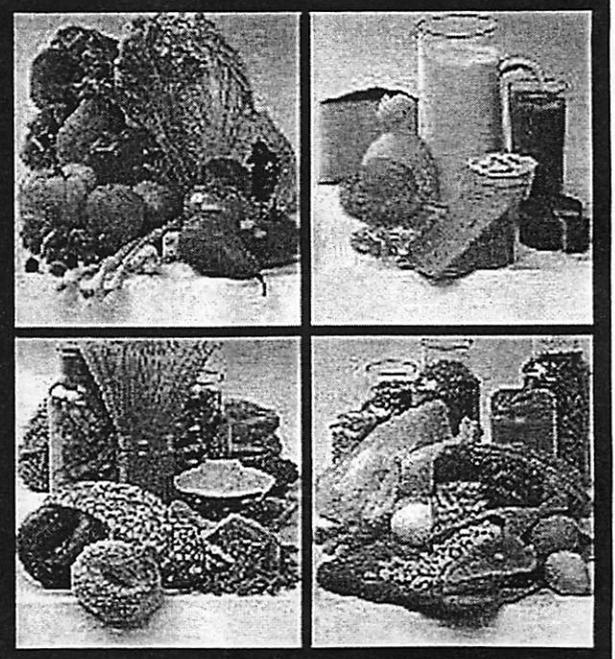
Name: Captain Asparagus
Powers: Can turn into an asparagus at will.
Catch phrase: Asparagus powers. . .Activate!

Name: Professor Plum
Powers: Is a purple playing piece in the popular children's game Clue.
Catch phrase: (playing



Steve
Steve
Steve

Eat Food







new diet: eat more **1** by eating less
sevenkeen

**why ym is a
slut magazine**

zits:
maybe
they're
not so
bad
after
all

**Can you
count to ten?
Take our
quiz!**

bikini season
is here:
10 ways to
augment
your
karma

say anything!

Embarrassing Breakfast

I was pouring a bowl of cereal one morning, and a, by accident, I put the milk in before I added the cereal. Cereal spilled everywhere and the cutest guy in school saw the whole thing! I could have died!! **

Medical Embarrassment

I was assisting in a triple bypass surgery when my hand slipped and cut the patient's heart out. I tried to pretend that nothing had happened, but when the guy died, the others knew it was me. The hottest doctor in the hospital laughed at me! I ran out and have never looked back. I wander forever in a heartless world. (No pun intended) ***



Projectile Embarrassment

I was at a dance, boogieing down to a great song, when my prosthetic limb flew off and whacked the hottest guy in the school in the head. I fell down, and crawled away. I've rarely encountered embarrassment of this magnitude. **

can you believe this guy?
the totally appalling/appealing boy report

A Few Good Embarrassments

I was working as a general at Guantanamo Bay. By accident, I ordered the code red. Tom Cruise saw the whole thing! Imagine my embarrassment! *

Embarrassing Embarrassment

I was in class, and the cutest guy in the school looked at me. I urinated and then passed out. ***

Freak Embarrassment

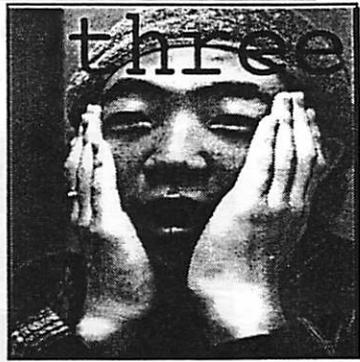
I was in Chemistry class and, by some freak accident, I drank potassium bromide, which turned me into a mutant. The hottest element on the Periodic Table saw the whole thing. All twenty-nine of my faces turned beet red! We've never been so embarrassed! ****

our rating system:
* = 1 asterisk
** = 2 asterisks
*** = 3 asterisks
**** = 4 asterisks

"There was this guy I, like, really liked. And one day, I finally got up the courage to ask him out, and, he, like, said yes. It was so great. We went out to the movies and it was great and all, and after the movie was over, we started walking towards his house. But as soon as it got dark, he beat the shit out of me and left me lying in a pool of my own blood. When I, like, finally came to, he was gone. What a dick!"
Melanie,
Sweenyville, MO

"My boyfriend went away to college in Idaho, and I was 2,000 miles away in New York. Even though we talked on the phone twice a week and we wrote letters, I still missed him a lot. But one day, I got a letter from him, and I thought, 'Gee, just another letter.', but then I opened it and it was filled with nude photos of himself! What a dick!"
JoJo,
Poughkeepsie, NY

another sevenkeen makeover



quiz

is your boyfriend cheating on you? (with your best friend?)

- When you ask your boyfriend what he did last night, he says:
 - "I was making out with your best friend."
 - "I wasn't making out with your best friend!"
 - Nothing, and suddenly runs away.
- You're hanging out with your boyfriend at his locker when you spy a picture of your best friend taped to the inside of his door. When you question him about it he says:
 - "Yes?"
 - "How dare you accuse me of making out with your best friend last night!"
 - Nothing, and suddenly runs away.
- You run into your boyfriend and your best friend making out in the hall. When your best friend sees you approaching, she
 - makes a high-pitched "bong-bong-bong" noise.
 - poops.
 - declares her support for Bob Dole and runs away.

To Calculate your score:
 for every "a" you circled, give yourself 1 point.
 for every "b" you circled, give yourself 2 points.
 for every "c" you circled, give yourself 3 points.
 Add up all your points. This is your score. If your score is lower than 10 points, YOUR BOYFRIEND IS CHEATING ON YOU (WITH YOUR BEST FRIEND)!

not cool	cool
eating	not eating
not wearing socks	wearing socks
punk-pop	pop-punk
girls	boys
butter	cheese
wearing socks	not wearing socks
being smart	being stupid
depressants	hallucinogens
holding hands	all-day orgies
friends	archnemesises
school	all-day orgies
bromine	bereyllium
not wearing socks	all-day orgies

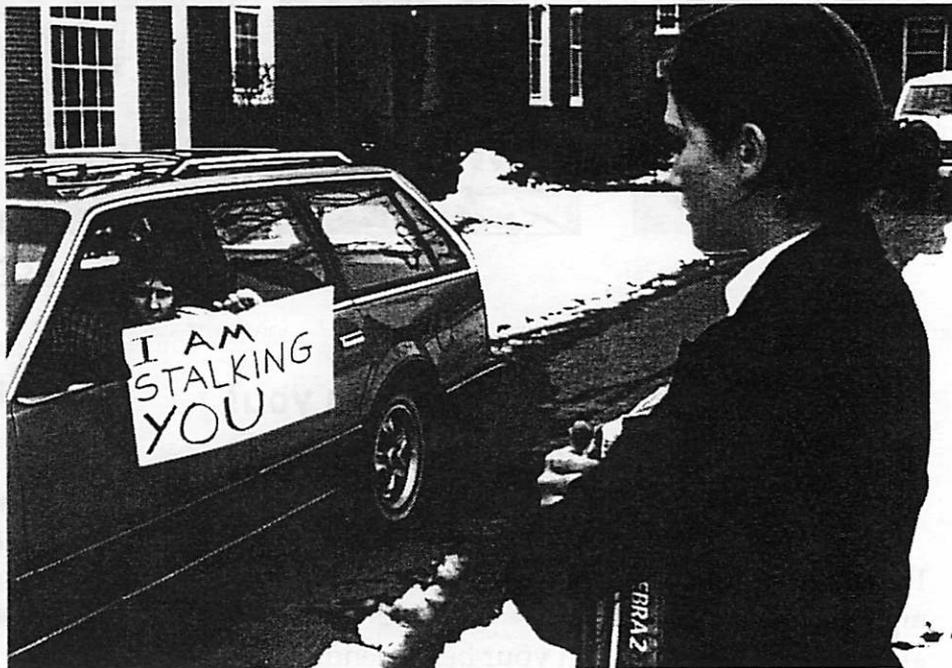
trend-o-rama

Here are the latest trends and lingo from the corners of the country: Fashion-mongers in Gretyl, TX, are sporting ripped Iron Maiden Tee-shirts, bike chains around their necks, and rubbed dirt in their hair (for the grungy look). Betsy at Teau Buke High School in **Hairytown**, MN tells us that those in the know say "Gnarly" or "Radical" when something is cool. Jane-anne from Wookieville, NH informs us to say something is cool, you say "**Cool!**", and a popular pet name for cool guys is "Greg". The chicks in Tuscapoopoo, GA are wearing wooden pants, paper-maché hats, and cover their faces with a gelatin-phosphorus paste. An on-the-edge style at their high school, Votoribe High, is to wear their pets around their necks! And if you think that's crazy, check out these **crazy guys** in Hawaii: Noelle at West Honolulu High claims that the flyest girls all wear chain mail without underwear! Even teachers have caught on to the medieval craze: The entire history department teaches in leather body armor and periodically sets themselves on

f i r e !

I WAS STALKED!

You've all heard about it. You've seen it on the news. You've read about it in the pages of this fine publication. But, you never thought it could happen...to you!!!! Jenny Myer, age seventeen, felt the same way...until her hellish stalking experience last December. The psychological effects of this (in Jenny's words) "weird" experience? Well, read about them in this exclusive interview with the victim herself!!



KEEN: So, Jenny, tell us about the weird sicko freakoid who stalked you.

JENNY: He's, like, weird.

KEEN: How did this all, like, come about?

JENNY: Have you, like, heard the Smashing Pumpkins' latest song?

KEEN: No.

JENNY: It's good.

(Long pause.)

KEEN: So, you were stalked and stuff, right?

JENNY: Yeah.

KEEN: Like, how did it...

JENNY: Do you like Hootie?

KEEN: Uh, yeah.

JENNY: He's cool. I was stalked and stuff.

KEEN: Where?

JENNY: Where what?

KEEN: Where were you stalked?

JENNY: I was, like, stalked in the mall. I don't like the music they play in the mall.

KEEN: Neither do I.

JENNY: It's, like, annoying!

KEEN: Did he, like, follow you around and stuff?

JENNY: Yeah. He was weird.

KEEN: In what way?

JENNY: Just weird. Weird.

KEEN: Weird.

JENNY: Weirdness. He had pimples, you know.

KEEN: Ewwwwww!!!!

JENNY: It's like, "Use some Oxy!

If you're going to stalk me, at least pop your damn zits!" I would've, like, been flattered or something,

but he had zits, you know. So, I was like, "Ewwwwww! Get the hell away!" I was, like, hanging in,

uhhhh, The Limited, and...why the hell is it called The Limited?

KEEN: That's a good question. I don't know.

JENNY: What the hell is so Limited about it? You know?

KEEN: No, I...so, did this guy call you?

JENNY: Yeah, he called. It was weird.

KEEN: Weird, huh?

JENNY: Yeah, it was kind of weird. He would leave messages like, "I'll, like, love you forever,"

"You're my goddess," "I have a shrine to you in my room," and

all I could think about was, like...those freaking zits! Eeeewwww, you know! Like, God!

KEEN: Yeah. So, how did you get him off your back?

JENNY: I, like, bought some Mace, and the next time he came up to me, I totally sprayed him in the eyes!!!

KEEN: Wow, totally awesome! You are woman, hear you roar!

JENNY: Yeah. It was so funny, it was, like, he bent over in pain, screaming and stuff...

KEEN: I give props to you! You really gave it to him!

JENNY: He was, like, going into convulsions! And, I was like, "Yeah, whatever, you pimply bastard!" He was weird.

KEEN: Thanks a lot, Jenny.

JENNY: Do you have, like, any Phish boots?

KEEN: No.

JENNY: Okay, bye.

(for those of you who are idiots, this is the end of the sevenkeem magazine parody)

MORE SHORTIES

My Favorite Dude

My favorite dude walked into a store.
My favorite dude bought something. My
favorite dude walked out. My favorite
dude tripped. My favorite dude died.

Super Stumper:

There's a man in a room. How did he get in the room? Yes or No questions only.

Whenever I'm hungry, I eat. Then I usually feel less hungry.

Once, I knew this girl who wore some garbage to school. She looked like trash.



A Poem entitled "My Favorite Dude"

My Favorite Dude.
He likes Food.
He is Rude.
My Favorite Dude.

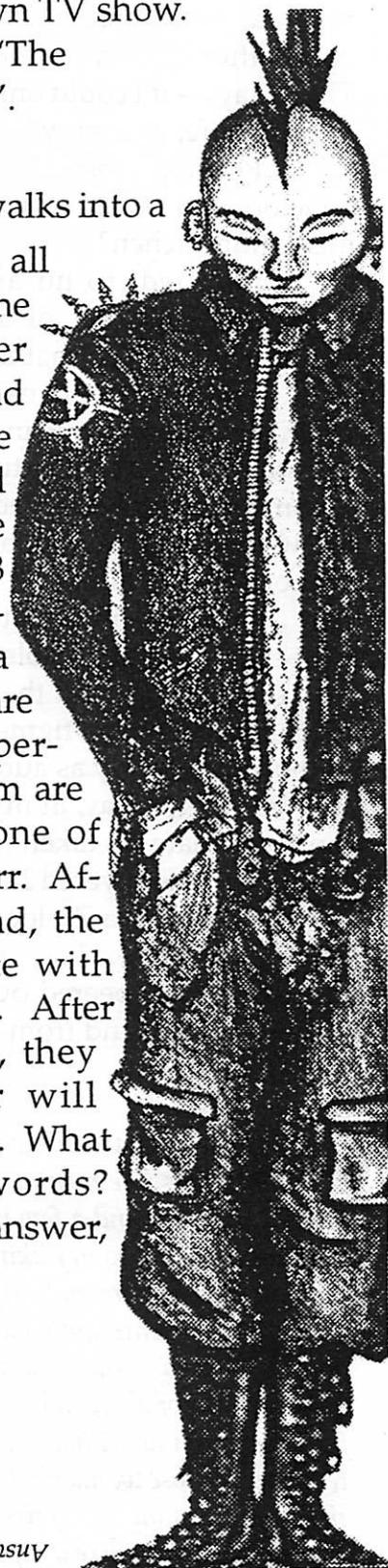
Have you ever swallowed your mouthwash? I did once, and then I got a little

worried cause it said to drink milk and then immediately contact a poison control center. So I drank some milk and I was okay. Don't drink your mouthwash.

They should give the Unabomber his own TV show. They could call it "The Unabomber Hour".

Riddles: A man walks into a store, and he kills all 18 people there. The police arrive after the man leaves and sort through the bodies. They find that 9 of the people work at the store, 3 of them are captains of the "Santa Maria", 3 of them are Dana Carvey impersonators, 2 of them are ex-Beatles, and one of them is Ringo Starr. After looking around, the police find a note with three words on it. After reading the note, they know the killer will never strike again. What are the three words? (Don't look at the answer, you cheater!)

Answer: My favorite dude.



THE K-MART STORY, CON'T. FROM P 11

these wonderful kitchen appliances. I remember my first coffee bean grinder -- how I used it so! I would have fresh ground coffee for breakfast, would take some with me to class, would stop by at lunch to grind some more, would take some in the afternoon, in the evening, after dinner, at midnight, at two, three in the morning. It was even better after I got my first coffee maker. Yes, yes! Those days -- if I could only relive them now, I was so full of life, of energy!"

Penelope started to cry. "Oh, Penelope, oh, Penelope; do you miss your kitchen? Oh, do you miss your kitchen?"

She fled; to no avail were my pleas of "Penelope, Penelope, please come back -- you remind me of the den that I never had."

I went to bed early at the end of that exhilarating and confusing day. I dreamt of nuclear catastrophe, medieval torture, riots; and of Penelope, whom I so much wanted to understand and to know. Twice I woke up, but eased back into sleep without further ado.

Penelope, in her later letter, assured me that the scream -- that terrible scream! -- with which I was so sure I greeted that next new and horrible morning was only a figment; or at least, it was not audible, not nearly as audible as I had envisioned it to be. Even today, in my new location, do I still long for what was taken from me. I met the morning to find the severed head of Mr. SuperK in my tent, wrapped in a Ziploc bag. Oh, that grin -- that grin! How it looked so moving under those eyes, those eyes that peered out at me, that seemed to understand all, and from which a tear glistened.

[Author's Note]

That was a while ago. Since that time, I have been to various fine mental institutions throughout the United States -- and a few in Switzerland -- and have found them quite to my liking: I am generally awarded with all of the ice cream I can eat, and I find that most of my fellow patients appreciate my lectures about how Homer referred to the very first SuperK market as "that most revered of all temples." Until I received that fateful letter from her, I had, however, felt a longing to interact with those wonderfully river-blue bright eyes, eyes that reminded me of my first coffee beans; her beautiful blue hair, gushing like a rapids, that reminded me of my

first coffee beans; that sweet, flowing voice, whispering like the sound of rolling water, that reminded me of my first coffee beans. It gave me great pleasure to receive that letter; oh, that great letter from her! For the first time, she revealed to me that I had been the victim, not the monster -- the victim of the disgruntled management. She told me that she felt "trapped," utterly trapped. Chester; utterly trapped. For before me, in the background of a cacophony of crazed cash registers and the crazed but ever so true palpitations of my heart, lay you and the great store that I had devoted my life to, a great store filled with the latest from the great corporations, filled with enthusiasm, vigor, with everything one could ask for -- indeed, a super factory for life. Oh, Chester, will you ever forgive me?

But I knew that you were strong enough -- I knew that even if I did not interfere with the depraved intentions of the management, even if I exhibited true loyalty to my store, you would survive, good would trump evil. They tried first to turn Jiro against you; yet the best man won. Failing that, they tried to poison you; that didn't work: your temperment was too strong. Desperate, they then tried to bring about your death by breaking your heart; yet they did not succeed: your heart, as I always knew, was too strong.

After my initial breakdown following my shock and great loss, Penelope just had to move out of that terrible part of the country, that part which fostered such a pronounced distate for such a true human being. For when you told me about your coffee grinder that morning in the kitchen appliances aisle I saw you in an entirely new light: I realized that you were not a freak to be pitied or even scorned, but just a regular guy. I had to leave then; I just knew it. Penelope emigrated to where she knew her "true calling" was: she became a clerk for a new Wal-Mart shopping experience in Paris, Idaho, where, she made it clear, she has been enjoying it very much. "P.S.," she writes, "Aunt Hilda died; I am therefore now 164th in line for the throne!"

I replied to her letter, telling her that I had adjusted to my new life quite well; and that I remain in good spirits, "full of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

My account is not so much concluded as it is told; told, I hope, in all its horror, as Penelope would have liked it to have been told. Not completed, I hope, because I still live on. But now, it is time to get down to the cafeteria -- they are serving raspberry jelly-filled donuts today for lunch, as they do every Tuesday. Ah, Tuesdays! How I love them so!

iNew Kids Reign in Spain!



Steve

Sure, it's been a while since we've heard from the New Kids on the Block. That doesn't mean that Danny, Donny, Joe, John, and Jordan have fallen of this sphere some call Earth (but I call Zartojn). To the contrary, NKOTB (their witty new acronym) have been "hangin' tough." But do they still have the "right stuff?" Keen caught up with the boys of bean town during their Colossal World Tour to pose this very question.

"Man, we know they say we're has-beens," explained Joe, sitting at a stool in the El Baro Bar and looking incredibly underage. "But I've got news for them, NKOTB is back! We're wicked rad awesome."

"Yeah, man," Donny 'Marky Mark's brother' Whalberg piped in. "We're 'is-ares.' 'Is-ares,' right Joey?"

"Right Don."

After growing tired of this small bar in the heart of Spain, the lads invited me their room at the El Guato Motel and Mini-Mart. Donny 'I Kinda Know Marky Mark' Whalberg proceeded to trash the

bar and set it on fire. Then we left.

As we walked the 7 miles to the motel, Danny (the one who looks the most like a monkey) explained to me that we had to because the limo was being "borrowed" by some guy named Repoman "or something." When I asked him why we didn't get a taxi, a tear rolled down his cheek and mumbled that not everyone can be a hot shot reporter like me. Jordan then punched him in the face. "Uh, we don't like taxis because the drivers are always bugging us for autographs and shit," Jordan explained.

"Cuz we definitely got the money," John continued.

"Most taxi drivers' daughters in Spain can't get enough of us, man." added Joe. "They think we're wicked cool awesome."

Once in the small, but tiny, room, the kids explained the process of who gets the room's solitary bed. "We draw straws," said Jordan.

After an hour of practicing dance moves, it was time to head for the night's

show. Before we left, Donny 'I once saw Marky Mark on T.V.' Whalberg trashed the room and set it on fire.

After a minute's jog, we arrived at "El Mesa," the small bar where NKOTB was to perform. Dozens of people almost asked for autographs, but when they found out the boys weren't Menuedo, they walked off in disgust. When a young girl walked by, I asked John why she didn't flock to the New Kids. "Um, I think she's probably blind," he answered.

"Yeah, I-uh think the whole town's wicked blind or something," added Joe. "I think it was Chernobyl or something."

Noting his error, I informed him that Chernobyl was in the Soviet Union. "Yeah, but I think there was another one of them Chernobyls here, too. Right, guys?"

"Yeah," the guys answered.

At 8 P.M., the boys began their show. they started with their infectious hit, "Right Stuff." Halfway through, the manager came out and told them that if they "don't stop bothering his customers, he was going to kick (their) asses."

Adding insult to injury, he asked. "Who do you think you are, Menuedo or something?"

Reluctantly, NKOTB got off the tables. Donny "Marky! Hey Marky! Don't You Remember Me?" Whalberg then proceeded to light the manager on fire. "Spain could only take so much New Kids," Joe said. "But watch U.S., we're commin' home!"

Watch out U.S., indeed?

Pap in Heaven, Hanging Out

George Washington: Hello, everybody. So what are all of you in for?

Gandhi: For doing everything possible to free my people from the manacles of imperialism.

Tolstoy: For renouncing material wealth to live with the peasants, embracing the common person.

Michaelangelo: For bringing beauty and meaning into this world.

Nurse Florence Nightengale: For saving the lives of many a soldier, desperate, on the battlefield, who was upholding his nation with pride.

Yitzhak Rabin: For trying to bring peace to my country and my neighbors.

Andrew Carnegie: For donating millions of dollars to charity: to libraries, to schools.

Pap Finn: For beating my son.

Socrates: For promoting wisdom for all, for realizing everyone's ability to learn.

Abraham Lincoln: For keeping my great country together, and for freeing thousands of innocent slaves.

Sevenkeen written by Chris, Steve, and Ben.

Photos by Chris, Illustration by Bianca.

Back Cover Idea: Roddy, Photos: Chris

Advertisements designed by Roddy.

All Layout done by Roddy and Chris.

All Photography by Chris. Roddy is currently building a robot that will design the magazine. It will increase our output to 5 issues a day. Look for the next KEEN soon!

Special Thanks: Sean Peterson, Erin Cohen, Joseph Hong, Amaranth, Ryan Makuck, Mr.

Bradford, Mr. Yanelli, The lovely ladies @

the Copy Center, Printer's Ink, Ltd., Tom

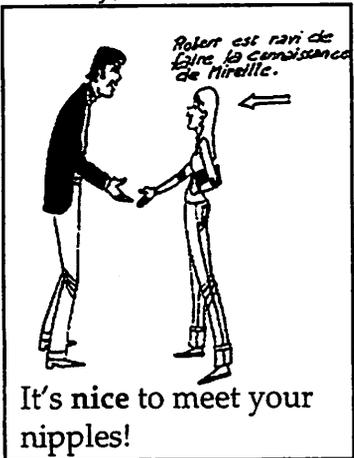
O'Reilly, and Juan Carlos Rodrieguez for

the goods! Thanks Juan!

Leçon 69

To the typical student of French, Mr. Robert Taylor of Capretz masterpiece French in Action may seem to embody the ideal human character: a linguistic genius who decides to forgo the gated, manicured lawns of Yale in order to live a more down-to-earth, true life; a charming humanitarian who is just as likely to strike up a genteel conversation with the boulangiere as he is with Mirielle and her family; and

a hearty romantic, rushing into a conflagration to save his beloved, defending the life style of les ouvriers when Hubert shuns their sordid, stagnant lifestyles. But behind the facade of his perfect accent Francais lurks a cowardly cry, lurks a mind that al-



ways assures that his quaint blue blazer just happens to be open just enough to exhibit the letters ALE on his T-shirt. I will count to ten: will the real Robert stand up?

Thursday evening. Robert et Mirielle are at un cafe on les Champs-Elysses

Robert: I remember when being an American expatriate in Paris used to mean something, dammit! Now anyone can walk to their trendy little Starbucks franchise at the corner of their cute little Main Streets and order a raspberry-cream truffled flavored cappuccino with a touch of Swiss chocalate creme-de-menthe with some type of polka-dotted jellie-bellies on top and pretend to talk about great intellectual concepts. And look at France, now! I remember when the French never used to deign to treat the Americans with respect. But now they have to be oh so dandy and charming to the Americans, they have to be polite, God forbid they'd ever hurt an Americans feelings, now, or else they

complain to all their little groups and France has no more pathetic little Americans wanting to spring up the Eiffel Tower, walking hundreds of steps up and down it, and then stopping by the souvenir stand to buy a miniature plastic stature of it for 50 francs. When I dropped out of New Haven to find myself, I didn't expect to get this! But what do the masses know anyway. . . ?

Waiter: Bonjour, Monsieur! Can I bring you and the lady some wine?

Robert: Yeah, just give us what you think would go best with steak.

Waiter: OK, thank you sir. So you would like a steak for dinner, sir?

Robert: Yeah. Medium. And French Fries

please. Waiter: Good choice. Excellent. Excellent. And for you, madam?

Mireille: The salmon, please. Waiter: Thank you, Madame. The waiter leaves.

Robert: Ah, the masses, ils sont

incroyables. So I played tennis with Hubert today, and I got Fresh new Wilsons for 15 francs a can, and Hubert had the gall to beat me! But enough of this. I'm using too many nouns; I don't like nouns, they're too concrete. Remember Hemingway and Fitzgerald and Steinbeck - I wonder where they used to sit in this very cafe? So tell me, what did you think of Steinbeck's book?

Mirielle: Which one? Robert: Why, The Grapes of Wrath, of course. I thought it was brilliant and cleverly written: it was replete

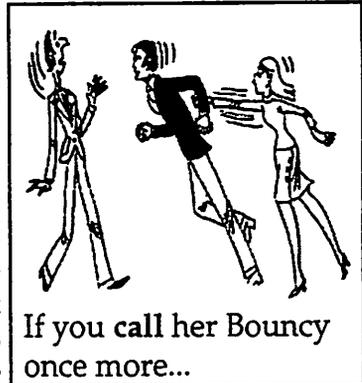
with intellectually stimulating concepts, it really made me think about many ideas such as the meaning of the book, like for whom the bell tolls. It compelled me to reevaluate society's most fundamental concepts; Steinbeck's postulations were profound and fascinating, fascinating. I couldn't put it down because I was thinking about all these great ideas. Not like the books that we had to read back at the University; would you believe that some of the authors they forced us to read hadn't even died yet?

Mirielle: I didnt know that Steinbeck was here in Paris with all the others.

Robert: Oh, oh I meant Stein: Gertrude Stein. Her book compelled me to reevaluate society's most fundamental concepts, also. I also read William Dostoyevsky, and when I read the part where he writes "If Santa Claus does not exist, then everything is permitted." I thought to myself, "Oh, no, I hope I didnt watch Its A Wonderful Life 37 times for nothing!"

Waiter: Monsieur: le vin; thank you for giving me the pleasure of choosing the best possible kind for you.

Robert: Whens the food coming?



I'm hungry! Waiter: Oh, I'll ask our chef to have it for you soon if you so desire.

Robert: Tres Bien, tres bien. . .

The waiter leaves.

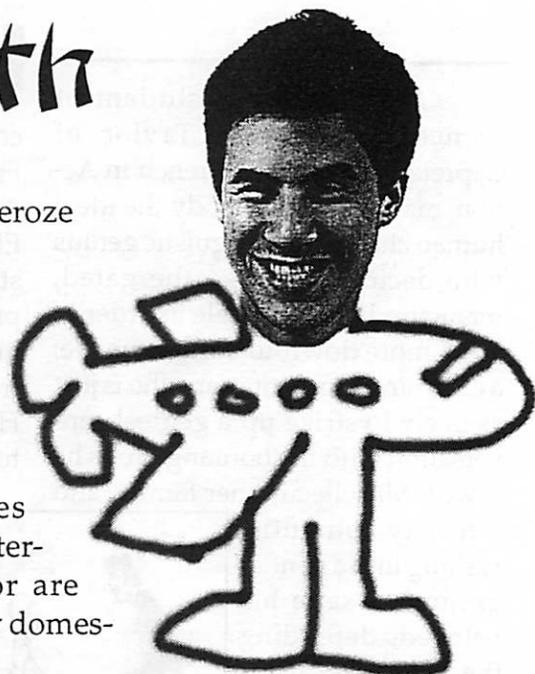
Robert: You know, Mirielle, why did he have to be so rude? As if he didn't know

that I didn't like to dine! The waiter brings the two their meals. They eat, and after they finish, the waiter brings the bill to the table.

Robert: What!?! No fortune cookies? What kind of a place is this?

In The Corner With Horner

: Pheroze



Airplanes. Seat belts. Delta. There is just one word that comes to my mind at any mention of 'the friendly skies'. One solitary word that reverberates through my fevered mind: Horner. Taking the place of Nick Navin as Justin Levy's roommate in McBee Yellow, Jason Horner has come back from his term in Spain fully charged and refueled. I was wondering about the airline business, and it suddenly occurred to me that everyone out there (yes, you) probably is too, hence this interview (barf-bag in front pocket).....

Pheroze: So give me a little background....Jason Horner, where's he from?

Jason Horner: I'm from Louisville, Kentucky.

P: Louisville, Kentucky.

J: Make sure you pronounce it 'Lou-eh-ville'. (Pheroze makes numerous attempts at the pronunciation.)

P: So....I've never met anyone, at your young age, who is so insanely fascinated by the airplane business.

J: The airline.

P: The airline.....so not the airplane business?

J: The airline.....you know, like certain airline companies. Not the actual thing you sit down and take off in.

P: Okay..... tell me, what sparked the interest.

J: Well, I don't know....as long as I can remember I've always been excited whenever we've gone on a trip. First of all, I guess it's seeing the planes and....first I wanted to be a pilot, but then I decided not to pursue that because you can crash. Then I looked into the business and found out what's involved, and someday I want to be president of Delta.

P: President of Delta?! Why Delta? Why not, say,.....United?

J: Oh, well....I don't know.....

P:'Friendly skies'?

J: NO! That's United. Delta is 'You'll love the way we fly'.

P: That's right....that's right.

J: And I DO love the way they fly.

P: So does Delta do international, or are they strictly domestic?

J: No....they have deals with Swissair, and they also fly to Singapore and have many South American airlines going to Brazil and.....that's about it.

P: So do you have time tables.....

J: I do.

P: Just Delta, or.....

J: I have a plethora.....so if you ever need to book a flight, I'm here!

P: So, what do think of of American aircraft in general?

J: You mean the kind of plane?

P: No, I mean the whole service.

J: The airline....basically I find that US airlines are more shabby than others...like British Airways or Swissair.

P:Do you know anything about the actual aircraft?

J: I can identify them.

P: So you deal more with the service side?

J: More with the service side and more with the business side but, you know, I can identify the planes. If I know which one is bigger, I usually take that.

P: What airplane has the best blankets?

J: You mean 'what airline'. Well, Swissair has a mighty comfortable blanket.

P: Why is that?

J: It kept me warm.

P: It's cold in Switzerland, I guess. Food....what's up with the food?

J: Well, on flights in the US, it's mainly peanuts and pretzels.

P: How do they make the peanuts, by the way?

J: They used to have Eagle snacks make them, but

Eagle snacks ran out of business. So I don't know what they do.

P: Oh, that's too bad.....that's too bad. Kosher meals?

J: If you're lucky enough to get on a plane where they actually serve something more substantial than peanuts and pretzels, you can actually order meals that are much better than the mass-produced meals. They are fresh, and I have had very good luck with them.

P: Why are the pillows so damn small?

J: They're cheap and....I don't know....cheap....the airlines are cheap.

P: So, let me ask.....Why Disney World with Delta? Why the name Delta with Disney World? When I think Disney World....how to get there....I think Delta.

J: Because Delta does a ton.....Delta is the official airline of Disney World. They bought the little planes that Disney World is offering so they can market themselves as the official airline of Disney World.

P: Pretty insane.....what's that, the 'friendly skies'?

J: NO....no, no.....it's 'you'll love the way we fly'.

P: I'm sorry...just hit me if I do that again. Okay...did you ever see the movie 'Airplane'?

J: Oh! I love that movie. It was funny...I sat there laughing.....laughing.

P: Do you ever worry about that actually happening?

J: You mean the plane flying upside down and nuns walking with guitar cases? (after considerable thought) I don't think so, because I think that if planes were to go upside down like that, they would, like, break apart.

P: Ah.....do you think nuns will ever fly on planes?

J: I've seen nuns.....I've never seen them carrying around a guitar and hitting everybody on the head.

P: Never seen it?

J: No...I've never seen that. That's in 'Airplane 2'. I don't know...I'd be pretty wary if I saw a nun walking down the aisle with a guitar.

P: Yeah....that's pretty scary.

J: You know, whenever Amar needs to go to Saudi, or anywhere.....he comes to me and I get him the best fares, the best schedule.

P: So you hook people up with that?

J:I 'hook people up'. One day you'll see Delta and you'll think Jason Horner, hopefully.

P: So, as Jason Horner's roommate, do you have anything to say about his relationship with the airline business?

Justin Levy: I was wondering, I've heard some pretty crazy stories about flight attendants, and whatnot, having sex in airplanes.

J: I've heard stuff like that and I've heard more about flight attendants who get real disgusted when they see two people, in their seats, underneath a blanket, having sex. I'm serious. In USA Today, about a year ago, there was an article about what flight attendants like and what they don't like about their passengers, and that was one of their pet peeves.

P: Airplane bathrooms, they vary in size. Which one's the best to have sex in?

J: I don't know, every airplane bathroom I've been in has been very small, so I don't think anybody would have enough leverage or much ability to move in those places. I don't think they would be very exciting places to have sex in.....especially when there's turbulence. You'd have to stand up and the place to stand up is a very small area. I don't know how you'd sit andoh God. It's just really very awkward.

P: Hostesses.....airline hostesses.....they all seem to be pretty hot. ^

J: Iberia.....they're all old and disgusting. All old, fat, and they don't seem to be very exciting. Don't fly Iberia.....awful.

P: No Iberia here. Well, thank you very much...any parting comments?

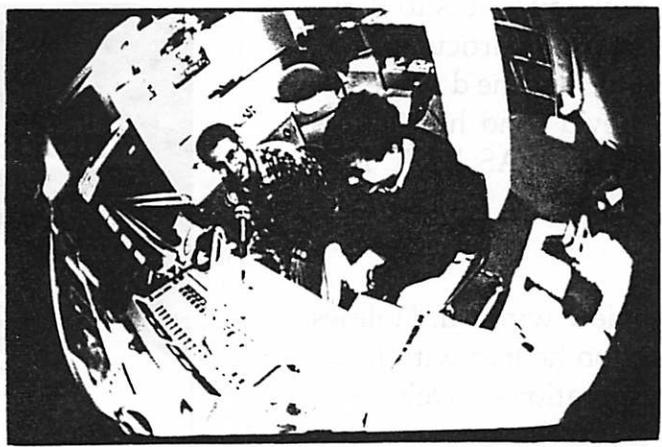
J: Yes, fly Delta, they're the best. Don't take anyone else. They are the main airline sponsor of the Olympic games.

P: Delta!

Justin: Delta in the house! (Interview with Tejas Parikh, dorm mate, and former roommate of Jason)

P: Tejas, what do you think of Horner and the airline business?

Tejas: Haw haw!! Horner knows it all, baby. He's got every flight.....you know what's the best part,



Horner at Justin Levy's wildly successful radio show

though? You know, I'm walking with Horner one day and I look up and see a plane. And I'm like 'Golly, that plane', and you know what Horner does? Horner just tells me what plane it is, and it's thousands of miles up. Y' know....it's just great. I just love having that guy around, 'cause he's so informative. Horner does it all....Horner does all your plane reservations, he's got, like, every timetable memorized. (phone rings, presumably Jerome Parker) Alright, so back to Horner!

P: Back to Horner!

T: Dude, you know what he does? When I go on the planes, he tells me to bring back those magazines that are in the front pockets....he's got every time-table. If you notice, on his backpack, right here (points to handle of rather elegant looking Jansport) he's got every tag of every single airline. He doesn't take them off, alright? And once I remember he, like, drew out different routes...he made up his own routes, and he's thinking about creating his own airline. Him and Beau Tuke, dude. Beau Tuke's into airlines. Him and Horner once spent a couple of hours just talking.

P: Just talking?

T: Just talking. So, Horner comes in handy when it comes to planes and things like that, he does everything.

P: Planes, trains, and automobiles.

T: Everything. You know what he used to do? He would just, like, call up and make reservations, just for the hell of it....asking how much it is to Paris. He'd find out, and reserve it for a particular date, he'd just make up some date. And he'd write letters and complain....and they'd send him letters back. He did it all! HORNER WAS JUST THE MAN!!!!

P: Tejas, thanks a lot.

(This following short interview with Mr. Holmes took place after a conversation he had with Jason Horner about his plane reservations.....Delta, evidently, didn't work out this time.)

P: So, tell me about Jason Horner and the airline business.

Mr. Holmes: Jason Horner and the airline business. That's something I [didn't] actually discover until I was talking about flying on my Sabbatical. The plane flights that I had to take along was like Air New Zealand, and I was flying down to Chile, and he knew all about it. He had a map of New

Zealand's air routes. And when I told him that I had to fly via Sydney, he was puzzled about that, but then he checked the routes and he realized that there are three flights this week doing that, and then there are four flights doing.....[he is] very much into it.....surprisingly so. And why he's chosen Delta as his airline of taste, I'm not really sure.

P: Well, that's about it....is there any other thing you want to say?

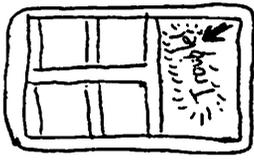
MH: He's a diligent jogger, and I have yet to ask him if he jogged in Spain when he was over there. But maybe I'll get that chance.

So....twenty years down the line, when you're sitting down in Delta aircraft, listening to a rambling voice telling you to fasten your seat belt and put your seat back upright, look at the magazine in the front pocket. Look for this name: Jason Horner.

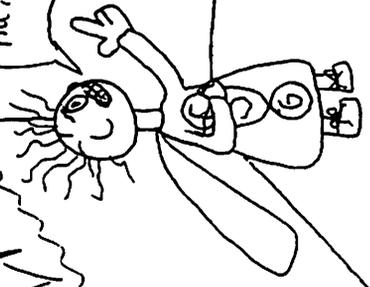


one day in super...

THE ADVENTURE OF SUPER BUY

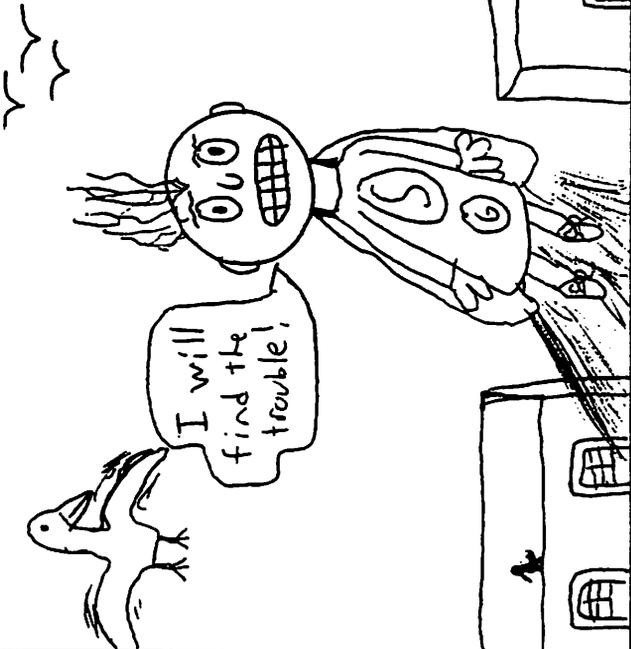


Ha! I hear trouble!

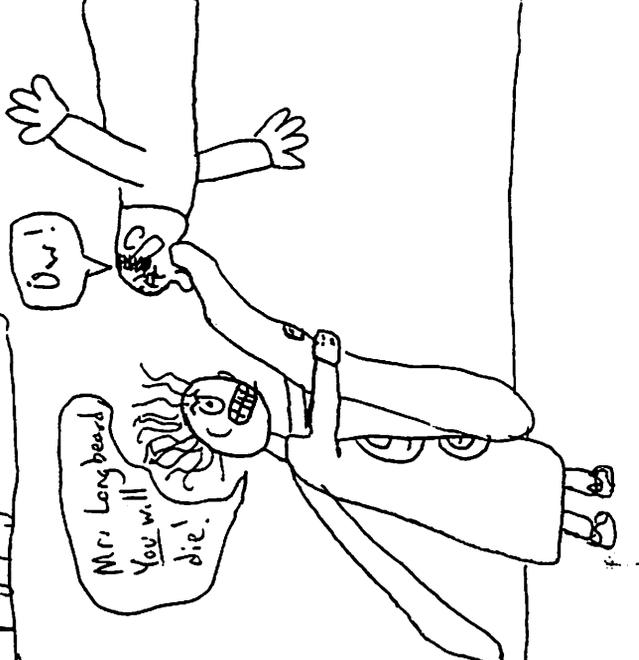


Superbuy finds trouble.

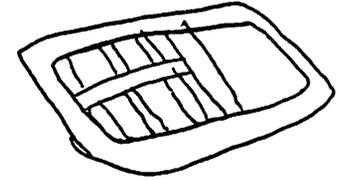
superbuy sets out to look for the source of the trouble...



Superbuy fights the trouble.

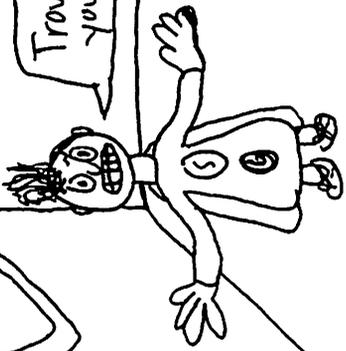


...in an abandoned warehouse.



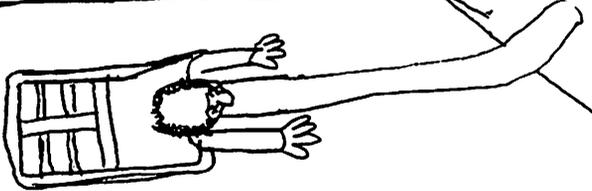
You are in an abandoned warehouse.

Trouble, are you here?



TNT

Superbuy prevails over trouble...



There is no more trouble! I am the winner!

TNT

super buy

STEVE'S

SOOPER HAPPY FUN PAGE!



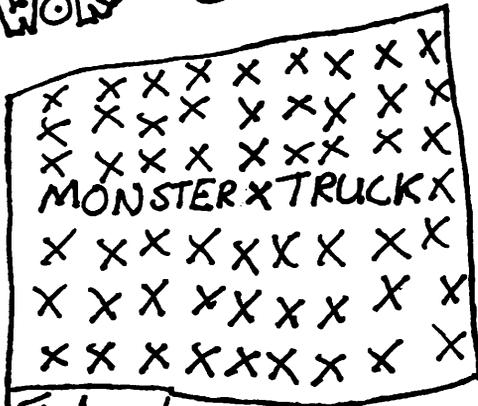
MAZE-O-RAMA



CROSS-O-WORD



WORD-O-SEARCH



Find Truck monster

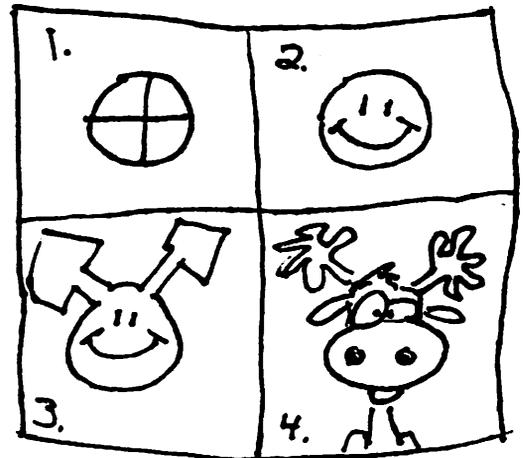
I love the KEEN Fun Page!



JOB-O-RIFE

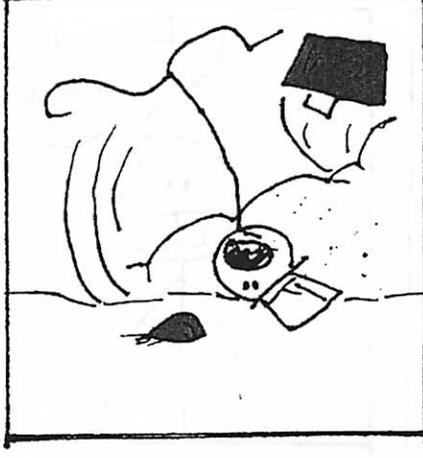
Q: What did the idiot say
A: I'm an idiot

HOW-TO-DRAW a moose

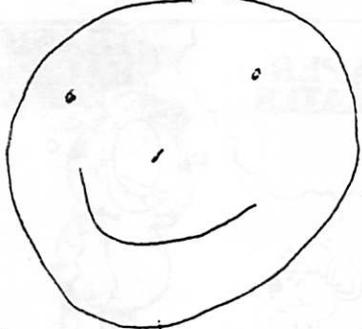
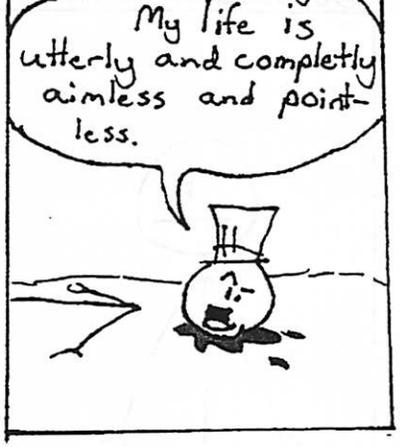


FOR KIDS ONLY!

Mr. Stickman



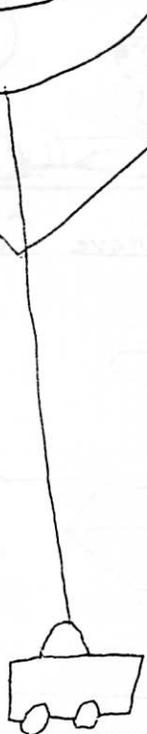
by Steve Carey



My lower body is a car.

FREAK NUMBER TWO

A
FREAK



My torso is rather curly.

- B. K.

- B. K.

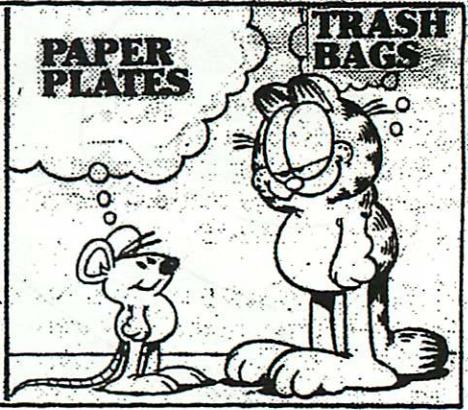
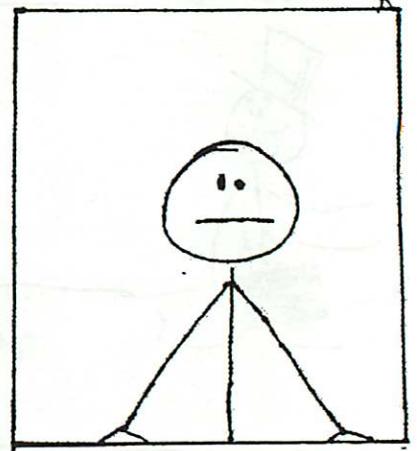
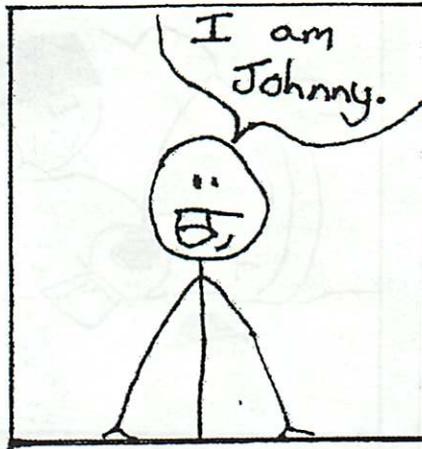
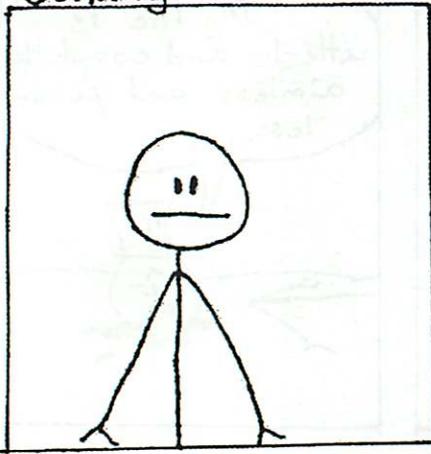
Goo



STEVE CAREY

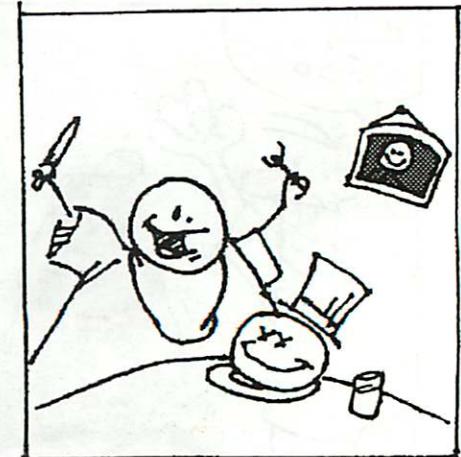
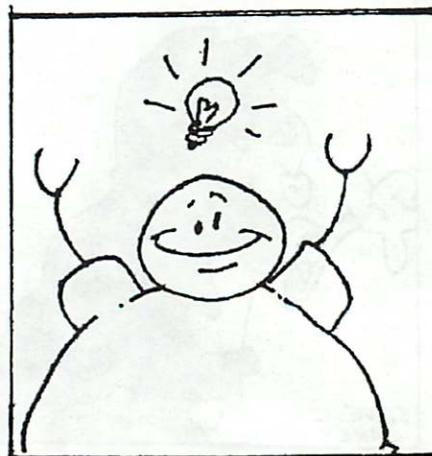
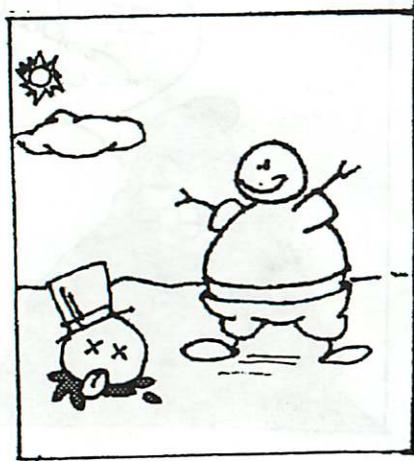
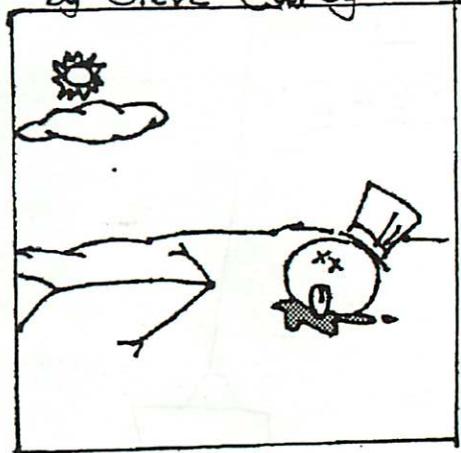
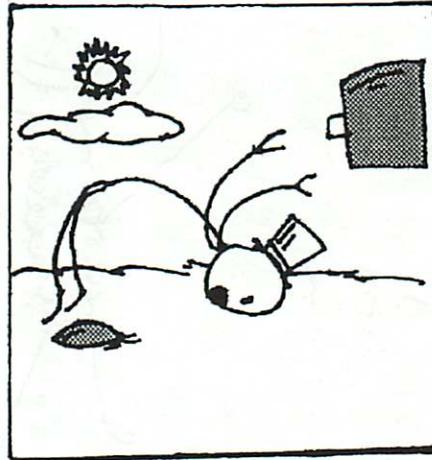
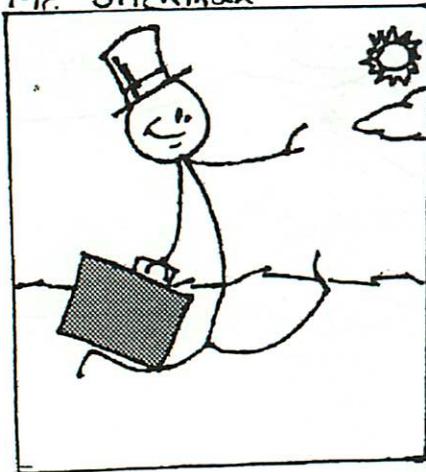


Johnny



Mr. Stickman

by Steve Carey



AN INTERVIEW WITH SATAN

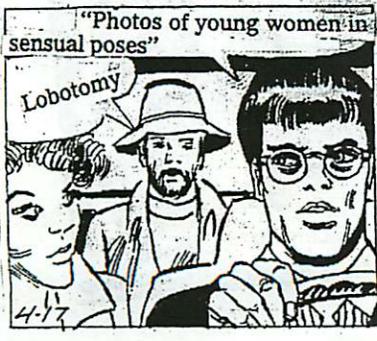
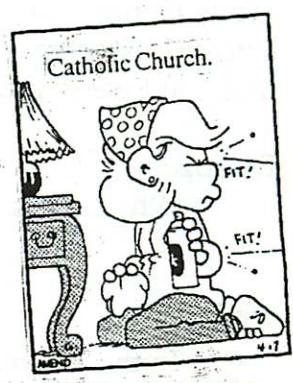
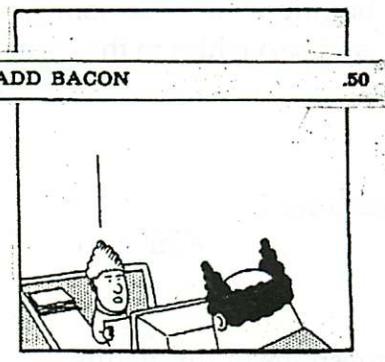
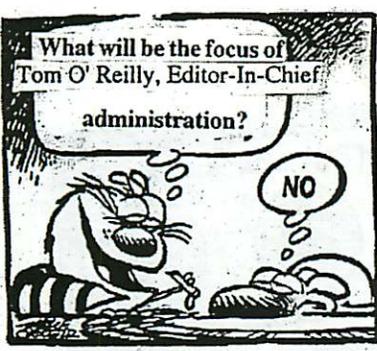
Steve
Steve

Me: Satan, are you truly evil?
 Satan: Well, that depends on how you define evil. If you consider evil to be hatred, pestilence, darkness, and murder, then my answer is yes. But, if you consider evil to be everything pure and decent on Earth, then, no, I'm proud to say I'm not evil.
 Me: Uh-huh. Here on Earth, you go by many names, Satan, Lucifer, or Bealzubub, to name a few. Which do you prefer?
 Satan: Most of my good friends call me Gary.
 Me: Okay Gary. Um, are there any myths about the whole Satan thing that you would like

cleaned up?
 Satan: Actually, I'd like to clear up this whole kicked-out-of-heaven deal. I was not kicked out of heaven; I just decided that it was time to move on. It was a mutual thing between God and I. Y'know, with him being goodness and light and me being darkness and evil, It just didn't work out. We're still friends though.
 Me: That's good.
 Satan: Wanna sell me your soul?
 Me: No.
 Satan: I had to ask.



Fate of THE NEWS to be Decided



PHEROZE KNOWS

Lifers,

Hah! I am the soul that feeds on your oat bran (with a spoon). Yes, 'Pheroze Knows' is back and rollin' (**insert Vanilla Ice song here**) with crap from all over the place. I was having trouble coming up with answers for most of these questions, hey, even us superior beings from the planet ARK have our off days; but then I enlisted the help of my old pre-school buddy, Satan, and the juices just flowed (a little too well). Well, here are the results of my forays into the demonic dark overlord's brain cells (visions of cute fluffy bunny rabbits.....). We pump.

Dear Pheroze Knows,

There's this man I love, but he doesn't know I exist, and he's involved with another person, What should I do?

-GBH

GBH (Going Berserk.....Hooray?),

Forget the man, buy a dog. Dogs are good. If you buy a dog, name him Zahl and teach him to play water polo. Dress him up in a tight swimsuit and make him run through hoops. Or name him Henry and beat him to a bloody pulp. Then throw Henry in some boiling water, add some spices (I like oregano) and serve him to this man that you love so much.

Pheroze,

Why is your beard red?

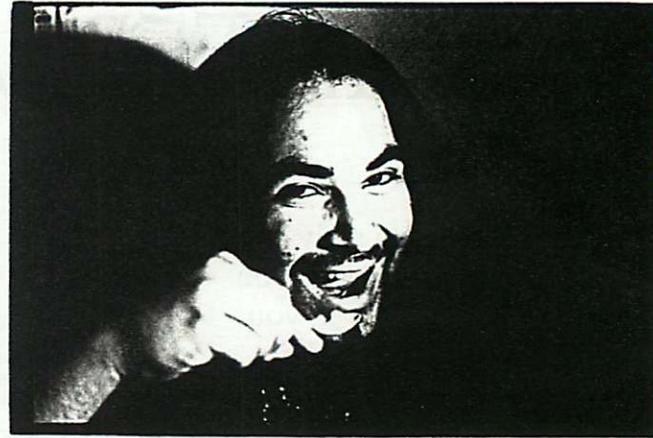
-Calberto

Ailao,

In the future, questions of this nature should be sent to my fan-club at:

Pheroze that moron
667 Neighbor of the Beast St.
Crapville, G-string 69666

To answer your question, red is the color of Cinnaburst with flavor crystals; made for you, not them (they are everywhere, you see). I betcha bite one.



Pheroze Knows.

When you can do nothing, what can you do?

-Harold

Harold,

DISCO!!!!!! Disco, disco, disco!!!!!! Re-vive disco '96! Disco is the way! Disco shall rule all! Spank your disco ball!

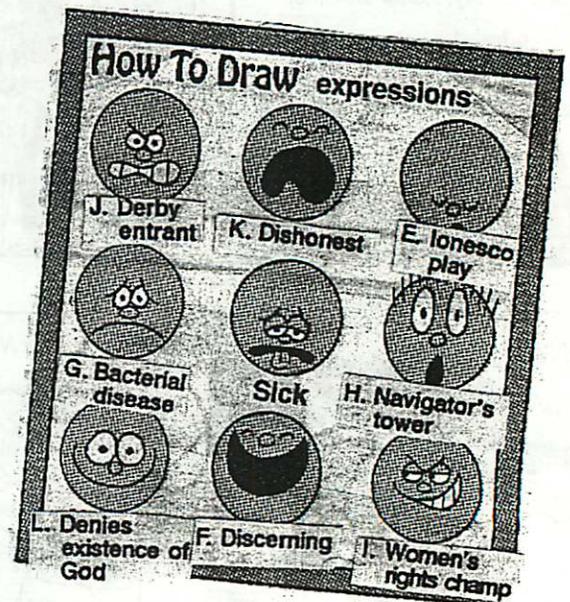
Dear Pheroze Knows,

Does 7 whiskers constitute a beard?

- Ken Kessler,

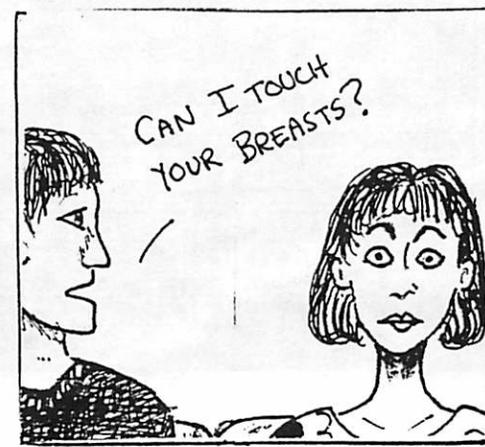
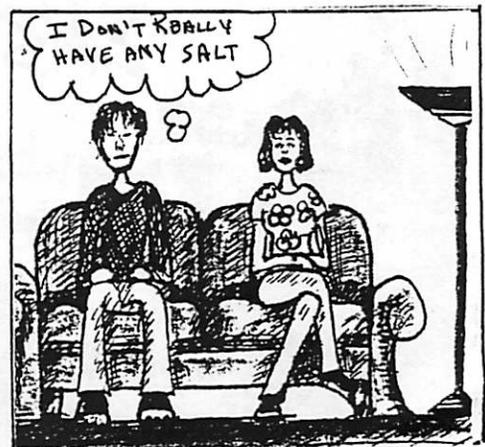
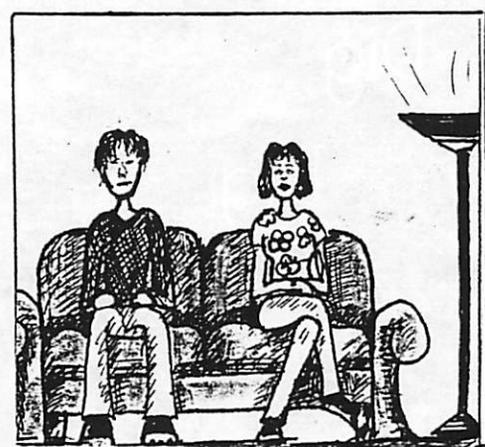
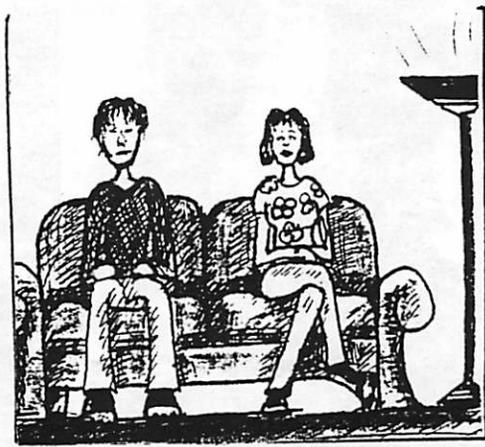
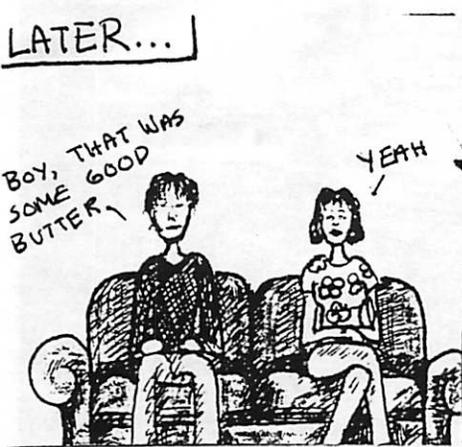
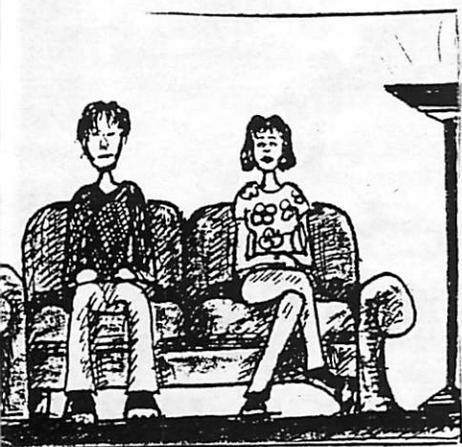
World Federation Sumo Referee

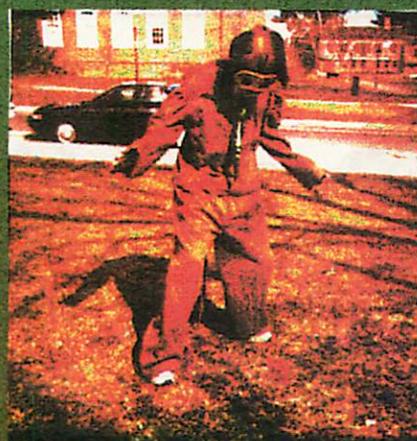
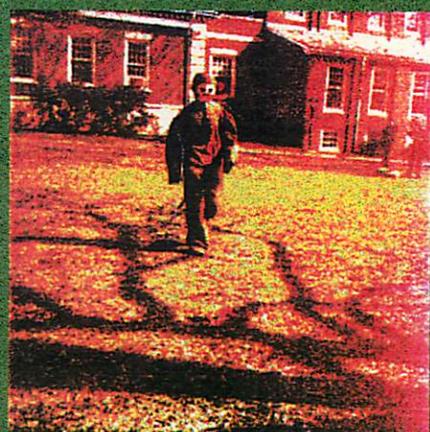
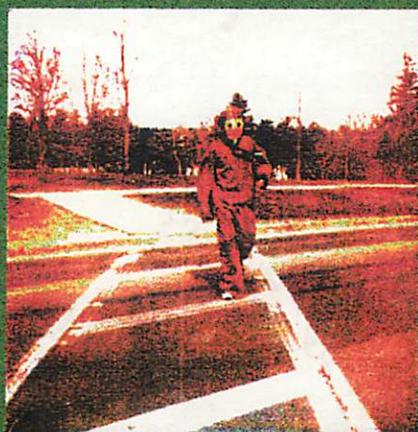
Ken (you sick fool),
no.



Trendy Peoples

by bianca & chris





Dig.
Dig.
Dig.



KEEN

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